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ON VISITING THE ROGUE'S GALLERY, IN COMPANY WITH HER FATHER, SHE FINDS HER PROSPECTIVE HUSBAND'S PICTURE AMONG THE COLLECTION OF CRIMINALS AND SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS.



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POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

SITTING BULL has got the "bulge" on the interviewers. He demands \$10 of every reporter who wants to talk to him. This will account for the absence of interviews in the newspapers.

THE people of one Kentucky town, at least, do not approve of lynch law. When a mob entered Paris to hang a murderer, an alarm was rung on the church bells, the residents turned out in force, and the lynchers were chased away.

A CHICAGO paper wants to have Guitau talked to death by George Francis Train. It might do. But we once heard of a sailor who was put into a cage with an anaconda by a cruel African king, that the serpent might swallow him, and we believe that the sailor swallowed the anaconda.

A BILL has been introduced into the Georgia Legislature to suppress Mormonism in that State. It provides that any person convicted of teaching such principles, or endeavoring to decoy emigrants to Utah, shall be fined not less than \$1,000, or shall suffer imprisonment for not more than one year, or both in the discretion of the court.

THE South Carolina acts of the Legislature in regard to the sale of liquor outside of incorporated towns, and to the carrying of concealed weapons, have had a salutary effect. In one county where the laws have been strictly enforced the whisky trade has been reduced two-thirds, and all cases where concealed weapons have been discovered have met with punishment.

IN the expressive vernacular of the day, "there is nothing mean about California." Having advertised a sham fight at Grass Valley, the First Artillery were so much better than their word, that they made a real fight of it, in which several officers and some twenty or thirty privates were put *hors de combat*. But as no one was killed or even fatally injured, it probably passed well enough for a sham fight in California.

IT is encouraging to record the arrest of several members of the Molly Maguire order in Fayette county, who are presumed to have been concerned in the Healy murder some weeks ago. The evidence that the order was preparing for wider operations was abundant, and after the experience with that kind of outlaws in the anthracite region it is gratifying to see that prompt action has been taken to break up the organization in the bituminous region, before it had become strong enough to defy the law.

CRIME'S ROMANCES.

The mysterious death of Jennie Cramer, which we recount and illustrate in this issue, again recalls to the public mind the comparison, frequently made, between the crimes of America and those of Paris; an analogy based on the strain of romance which here, as in the modern Lutetia, permeates even the gloomiest of tragedies. We are a matter of fact people enough in ordinary business, but when it comes to the business of breaking the law we generally manage to invest it with a novel fascination, ghastly and unpleasant to dream about, to be sure, but a fascination still.

In England capital crime presents itself in the grimest sort of reality. The murders of Great Britain are brutal, merciless and sickening, from that of the wife-beater who brains a wretched woman with his hobnailed boot, to that of the morbid maniac Lefroy, who slaughters a fellow-being like a pork-butcher for a spoil which does not pay for a single night's debauch. No strain of romance weaves itself through the blood-smeared pages in which these horrors are recorded. Even when, as in the case of Wainwright and a few others within the last two decades, an element of passion enters into the sanguinary story, it is the base and foul passion of the pot-house and the brothel; a passion whose most exalted fires are fed by muddy ale and strong water, and fanned to flame by the literature of the penny dreadfuls.

The very same range of crimes in France presents a vastly different aspect to the world. The method by which French courts develop the histories of the tragedies they sit upon, and the manner in which the newspapers exploit them, have, of course, something to do with enhancing their romance. But they commonly possess in themselves an element of sensational interest which robs them of much of the dreadful grimness that should invest them. It is the spirit of the people which lends horribly piquant originality even to the most shocking of misdeeds against God and man.

The same attribute has attached itself to American crime from the historic slaughters of the pretty cigar girl and of Helen Jewett down to the mystery embodied in the silent sleeper among the drift and seaweed at Savin Rock. It would require columns of print to simply recapitulate the list of tragedies which come within this category; a list more pregnant with romance than the most fecund Bohemian ever penned.

It would be just as well that this were not so. Murder should never present itself before the public in any guise but the grim and ghastly one which properly pertains to it. So long as it is clothed in purple, so long as the gibbet is wreathed in flowers, will the gravest offence man can commit against his kind be robbed of its sternest terrors.

A BAD PLACE TO REFUSE DRINKS.

IN Petersburg, Va., Mr. Greene recently refused to drink with Mr. Lee. This refusal led to an exchange of insulting words. Meeting him soon after, Mr. Lee cut Mr. Greene's throat in three places, and Greene shot Lee in the right shoulder, the ball lodging in the back. Both men died a short time after receiving their wounds. "The affair is generally deplored, and has created much excitement." Divested of its tragedy, this encounter was a ridiculous one. That a man should be forced to drink an injurious liquor, such as alcohol, whether he wishes it or not, is outrageous. He might have refused chowder or oysters with impunity, but for declining a beverage of which he had perhaps already taken too much, he must have his throat cut. This cannot yet be called strictly a free country.

A RHODE ISLAND man called a neighbor a "lantern-jawed cockroach." A suit for slander resulted, and the jury returned a verdict as follows: "Not guilty on lantern-jawed, but way off on cockroach, and we find damages in the sum of three cents."

EXCITING ELOPEMENTS.

A Wagon Load of Flying Lovers—Tragic—Cupid on the Rampage.

Among the Santee Sioux in North Nebraska, was a lovely maiden named Sallie Mollie, the daughter of Billy Bumbottle, one of the chiefs of the tribe. Sam Squire and Slitlip Bob were rivals for her hand. Taking time by the forelock, and leaving Slitlip in the lurch, Sam eloped with the girl, but before the runaways could reach the mountains the rival's friends overtook them. It was decided that the lovers should fight a duel. On the 4th inst. the parties put on war-paint and went to a secluded spot in the Lime Creek Hills. Each was armed with a stone-headed war-club. At the signal they mounted their ponies. After circling and whooping around as a sort of preliminary exercise, the combatants came to close quarters, when Bob delivered a fearful blow with his club at Sam, who slipped to one side, the blow falling on the head of his pony. Then Sam got in a blow which lamed his opponent's leg. They then fell to and whacked and banged away at each other, but without much effect, till finally from exhaustion both dismounted and sat on the grass and glared at each other in silence. And now the spirit of peace, compromise and conciliation stole over them, and Bob proposed that if Sam would give him five ponies, a revolver and two knives, he would throw up the sponge and let his rival have the girl without further trouble. Sam joyfully agreed to this and then washing off their paint and dirt, they returned to the agency.

An old-fashioned prairie schooner, with a broad stretch of tarpaulin, rolled into St. Louis last Saturday, and came to a stand in front of a small hotel. The sight was so novel that a reporter of the *Post-Dispatch* hailed the bronzed driver, asking where in the world he was bound. "Arkansas," was the reply, "we ar' all the way fr'm Kane county, Illinois, and we're a headin' fr the Red river kentry." At that moment certain menagerie-like sounds issuing from the depths of the wagon led the reporter to glance in. As he did so, a woman's face went blushing back under the cover and several children bobbed their heads up inquiringly. "You seem to have a good deal of a family," said the scribe. "Yaas, in fact I've got two families." "Two families?" "Um-hum," he grunted affirmatively. "You see, Samantha there's got nine young ones and I've got seven and they ain't quite shook to-gither yet. Way back in Kane county we'd know'd each other fur some time. Samantha there's husband warn't no count; he got to hog-stealin' and then he got into the pen at Joliet, and my wife war poor and sickly, and so I shipped her on to the folks in Indiana and Samantha and I started for Arkansas. As we kem by Joliet she went in and saw her old man, Hez Ward, an' he gev his consent." "So you're eloping?" "Well, we are sort of 'slopin'."

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN,

Especially by His Wife, Who is Left Husbandless for a Handsome but Frail Girl.

AS scandal has just come to light in Bradford, Pa., the principals of which are well known both there and elsewhere. Joseph A. Hughston, formerly of New Haven, Conn., a young man who was for some time employed by the United Pipe-line as shipping clerk, but lately a broker in the oil exchange, lived with his second wife for some time in a fashionable boarding-house in that city and subsequently in a pleasant residence on Pleasant street.

Miss Frances Whittaker, of Franklin, last summer visited her sister, Mrs. Mercer, living near Hughston's, and while there became acquainted with Hughston and their acquaintance developed into a perilous intimacy. Miss Whittaker again visited her sister this summer. Hughston sent his wife to Jamestown for a visit, as they had not been living on very peaceful terms, and the lady was very willing to go. Upon her return she found the house locked up and she was admitted by a neighbor, with whom her husband had left the key. She found a letter in the house addressed to her which told her that she would never see her husband again, but offered no explanation or reason. It was afterward learned that Miss Whittaker had gone to New York where she was joined by Hughston. The news of the elopement reached Franklin, where Miss Whittaker's family live, and her mother and a relative immediately came to New York, where, with the aid of a detective, they found the pair occupying rooms in an obscure part of this city. This occurred about a week ago. Miss Whittaker was taken home and her father conveyed the crying girl to the house of a married sister, the wife of Rev. Mr. Toleman, Episcopal minister at Mauch Chunk, where she is now stopping. Great sympathy is expressed for Hughston's wife and also for the Whittakers, who enjoy an excellent reputation in Franklin. It is reported that Hughston applied for a divorce, but nothing was done about it. It is also alleged that Hughston, before leaving town, married Miss Whittaker under the pretense that he had secured a divorce, but the story is doubtful.

SEASONING.

A VIRGINIA toll bridge keeper lost his voice answering the question, "Ain't it hot?" He had to put up a sign, "Yes, it's — hot," to which he points to every traveler.

A COURTELY negro recently sent a reply to an invitation, in which he "regretted that circumstances repugnant to the requisience would prevent his acceptance of the invite."

SITTING BULL was astonished in seeing frozen cream in summer. But how his untutored eyes would have expanded had he chanced to cast them upon a young female pale-face let loose upon a plateful of it!

BILL NYE, of Laramie, says: "Every man's breath is his own property, and if he allows his wife to take advantage of her marital vows to smother his breath on the most unlooked-for occasions, what is to become of our boasted freedom?"

"COME, now, guess what my favorite flower is," said the spinster housekeeper to the widower's little boy, as they were walking in the fields together. He was a lad who kept his wits about him and his eyes open, so he answered as he looked up with an arch expression, "Poppy."

HE had just taken his seat in the street car, in fact had hardly got fairly down, when a lady entered. He immediately rose. "Don't rise, sir; I beg of you, don't!" she said. "Good heavens, ma'am," he yelled, "I must! There's a pin three inches long set up on that seat!" She made no further objection to his rising.

SOME wicked fellow got into a Vermont church vestry just after the deacons and the clergyman had held a meeting there. And he left four beer bottles and a whisky flask, all empty, and two packs of cards under the table. And when the sewing society met there an hour later and discovered the articles, didn't things just hum!

THE kitchen girl now has an opportunity to capture an ice man. As he gently tucks a fifty-pound cake of ice into the refrigerator she well knows his weak points and accidentally puts within his reach various chunks of cold meat and other delicacies. A great deal of marital happiness has had its origin in more humble facts than these.

A CHICAGO clergyman explained to the committee of deacons that the widow was so pretty no man could help flirting with her, and each of the committee quietly called round to see if he told the truth, and then not one of 'em dared to rise up in meeting, with her present, and say the clergyman wasn't right. By sharp management even a jury of deacons can be handled.

SARATOGA always does things stylishly. Where other places have "manicures," here "lady finger-nail artists," etc., advertise how they can make ugly hands handsome. There is also a "professor of beautification," who claims to furnish dazzling complexions to order, and advertises that "the belle of the hop at — Hotel showed the result of his good offices."

DELIGHTS of life in America: An extract from the letter of a recent immigrant: "I'm working on de roads here at Saratoga, but I don't intend to do it long. Shure, Mike Mulhooly, who left home three years ago come nixt Aister, has a rich young lady to drive him around the city wid a beautiful span, and he sitting up behind an' his arms folded loike a faine gentleman entirely."

LABEL in a museum, thirtieth century: "This cheek, found among the ruins of the capital of the great American Republic, is one of many similar relics unearthed from American ruins. It has been preserved by its own hardness, and is believed to belong to the Ohio variety, though some New York specimens are equally hard. Cheek was considered a great gift among the ancient Americans."

SHE was a model of a school-ma'am and she was absolutely afraid of a man. No male lips had ever pressed hers. All the kisses she had given in all her life had been thrown away on female relatives, but when one of her favorite scholars came alyly behind her and rubbed her cheeks with the rough side of a fig-leaf she turned suddenly and exclaimed: "Well, I declare; it felt like a man's beard of three days' growth!"

WHY he refused: A prominent Galveston merchant visited Austin not long since, and Gilhooly asked him to step across the street and take a drink. "No, you must excuse me. I never drink away from home." "Why is that?" "I'll tell you," responded the Galveston merchant, "but it is strictly confidential. We do an immense business in the interior, and I am terribly afraid to drink in a bar-room, for fear I might get hold of some of my own whisky."

"It will be three dollars, ma'am," said the photographer at the close of the sitting. "Three dollars!" exclaimed the woman. "I thought I was to sit for my picture. You didn't say anything about money. Is this the way you swindle your customers? If you won't give me my picture you can keep it, that's all; but I shall take good care to warn all my friends against coming here, sir." And out she flounced, leaving the poor photographer the picture of despair, beside her own.

IN the matter of hair: A female boarder at one of the Long Branch hotels, who had made herself very disagreeable by her ill-natured remarks about some of the lady guests, met her match in a Boston woman, who, in the presence of a large company, boldly said: "Excuse me, madam; is that hair all your own?" "Whose do you suppose it is?" was the answer. "Par-don me," returned the other, glancing at the offender's husband, a little, bald-headed man. "I thought it might be Mr. C.'s."

A CONSOLING comparison: Little Charlie is sitting in the parlor when Julia's beau enters. Wishing to make a friend of the stripling he has come to regard as his future brother-in-law, he talks to him about toys and picture books and Indians, and finally asks him: "Have you seen the comet?" "You bet," answered Charlie, "and Jule says it reminds her of you." "Of me! Come now, Charlie, what else did she say?" "Nothing, only that it reminds her of you because it is chiefly gas."

THEY are putting machines in the White House to drive cool air into the President's room, keeping the temperature at any point desired. The idea of a cool sleeping apartment in July so strongly appeals to the senses that the comment of a lady on one of the street cars the other morning was but natural. Her husband, sitting beside her, read aloud of the means taken to cool the President's chamber, when the lady exclaimed, involuntarily: "Oh, dear! I wish I could sleep with the President a while!" Still people in the car laughed.

GREAT CRIMES AND CRIMINALS OF AMERICA.

BY ALFRED TRUMBLE.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MURDER OF JAMES FISK, JR.

James Fisk, Jr., was born in Pownal, Vermont, in September, 1835. He left home early and entered the employ of Van Amburg, the famous circus and menagerie man, acting as a tent-hand and assistant door-keeper. He followed the circus business for seven or eight years, when he returned to Vermont and took up his father's business, that of peddling. He made money rapidly. As soon as he could afford it, he expanded into the proprietorship of a four-horse team, splendid in plated harness, and a natty wagon that was the marvel of all the country round. In this style Fisk flashed through the New England States, a brilliant dry-goods meteor. Eventually his exclusive custom became so great that the young Boston firm, Jordan, Marsh & Co., deemed it advisable to purchase his entire business and employ him as a salesman. Fisk accepted the offer. When the tiffin of civil war was sounded, Fisk heard in his thrilling notes the chink of gold. Wandering through the store of his employers one day, he saw a lot of old blankets. Quick as thought his brain chalked up the profit that might be made out of them. Going to Washington, he kept open house a few days, wine and dined the powers that were, and ended by selling his blankets at a handsome figure, and secured a contract for an immense quantity of the same kind.

So pleased were the firm with this stroke, that they made him a partner. One of the first things he did in that capacity was to purchase a mill at Gaysville, Vermont—a mill which happened to be the only one of its kind in the country. Shortly after, the goods of that mill were in demand. A "corner" was inevitable, and Jordan, Marsh & Co. cleared over \$200,000 in two years.

In 1865, this firm came to the conclusion that Fisk was not only smart, but entirely too smart, and so gave him nearly a quarter of a million to withdraw. He took it to Boston where it took but a few months to waste it. Then he turned his eyes toward Gotham, and opened an office for the brokerage business in Broad street.

But he was unsuccessful, and it was not until he made the acquaintance of Daniel Drew, that any change in his fortunes was perceptible. Drew gave the sale of the Bristol line of steamers into Fisk's hands, and the firm of Fisk, Belden & Co. was established in Wall street, their operations being so successful that Fisk possessed a \$1,000,000 bank account. The Erie directors quarrelled with Drew, and both Fisk and Jay Gould became members of the board. From the start these two men determined to gain possession of the road, and their schemes ultimately proved successful. In February, 1868, the famous over-issue of Erie stock was completed, by which the capital of the road was nominally increased from \$19,000,000 to \$34,000,000. This operation led Fisk and Gould to imagine that they could secure colossal fortunes by operating in the stock. Commodore Vanderbilt held \$10,000,000 of the stock, and they persuaded the board to purchase \$5,000,000 of Vanderbilt's stock at seventy per cent., at the same time making private arrangements with the Commodore to have the "call" for the remaining \$5,000,000 for six months, they paying him \$1,000,000 cash for the privilege. Fisk and Gould then sold the \$10,000,000 "short" and so manoeuvred that the stock fell from 72½ to 35. They then "watered" the Company's stock from \$34,000,000 to \$57,000,000 and purchased Vanderbilt's stock with the proceeds of the sale, at forty per cent. Fisk is believed to have cleared by this transaction over \$1,125,000. In July, 1868, the brokerage firm of Fisk, Belden, & Co. was dissolved, and the two conspirators at once set about securing control of the Erie road. To effect this Fisk and Gould prosecuted Mr. Eldridge, the president, for fraudulently using \$5,000,000 of the company's money to secure the passage of the bill which had enabled them to increase the stock. Eldridge resigned at last, and Jay Gould became president.

But Fisk became more notorious for his "Black Friday" operations than any one of the innumerable schemes he set on foot. A ring was formed by which absolute control was obtained of all the salable gold in the market, and the consequence was a "corner" in gold on Friday, September 24, 1869. The result was a panic in Wall street, gold suddenly sprang from 142 to 160, Fisk and Gould's agents forcing the rate by bids, until it was found that the ring possessed all of the available gold, and intended to hold it for a further advance. Everything seemed in favor of the conspirators, as it was believed that the government sales of gold would not relieve the market. The scenes in the gold room were extraordinary, for a continuation of the crisis for twenty-four hours meant absolute ruin for all the small operators, as well as many of the leading

firms. While the panic was at its height, President Grant ordered the sale of \$5,000,000 of gold coin, and the rate dropped down to its old figure. Fisk and his confederates repudiated the majority of the engagements made by their agents, and several failures were the result.

When the over-issue of Erie stock gave him control of an immense amount of the shares, he purchased Pike's Opera House for \$820,000 in the name of the Erie Company, but they not liking the bargain, he assumed the purchase, reimbursing the company with some of his watered stock. Subsequently the company leased the upper part of the building at an enormous rent, and Fisk also dabbled in other property, among which was the Fifth Avenue Theatre and Central Park Garden.

Such is the way Fisk obtained his foothold in New York.

Edward S. Stokes was born in Philadelphia in 1841, but came to New York about 1860. He entered the produce business under the firm name of Budlong & Stokes, at No. 25 Water street, and was known on Produce Exchange as a bold speculator, of quick conception and like execution.

The operations of his firm amounted to millions, and were highly successful. In 1865 Stokes withdrew from the firm his entire capital—commenced the erection of the Brooklyn Oil Refinery, which was intended to be the largest of its kind in the State of New York. It was completed at a cost of \$250,000, in the year 1865.

James Fisk, Jr., determined to get control of the oil business, in the interest of the Erie Railroad. A copartnership was entered into. Stokes was made treasurer of the company at a salary of \$6,000 a year, and a rental of \$27,000 being paid for the refinery, and also 30 per cent. of the net profits; which, had it continued any length of time (with the cheap freights Fisk gave the company) the profits would have been enormous.

Unfortunately, however, there was to be a woman in the case to muddle it all. This woman was Josie Mansfield.

Miss Helen Josephine Mansfield was in California, at school, when she met Mr. Frank Lawlor, an actor. She fell in love and eloped with him from her vestal boudoir and out in the world as Mrs. Lawlor. Together they came east and stopped in Philadelphia, where it was that Stokes first saw her.

It was only a passing acquaintance then, however. Mr. and Mrs. Lawlor quarrelled, and it was not long after their return to this part of the world that the fickle Mrs. Lawlor concluded to get a divorce. After considerable opposition on the part of Mr. Lawlor, she finally procured the desired document.

Left alone upon the surface of the social sea, Josie trimmed her sails and steered to the port of prosperity. As the iron-filing flies to the magnet, so did Josie to New York. On the very day she received her divorce she was introduced to Col. Fisk, while visiting her friend, Miss Annie Wood, the actress. Fisk was perfectly infatuated, and soon established for her a home in splendid style.

Fisk introduced her to his friend Stokes, at her house in 23d street, where he became a frequent guest, and the recipient of hospitality and favors from the fair hand of Josie when Fisk knew nothing about it. But the rumor of what was going on was bound to reach his ears, and it did. He became very jealous, and forbade Stokes the house. Finally the enraged colonel, seeing that his commands and remonstrances had no effect, wrote a farewell letter to Josie. It appears that Josie was very much pleased at getting rid of Fisk, and took him at his word. Fisk repented on having so written, and begged to be again replaced in her affections.

Meanwhile things went badly with the oil business. Whenever Fisk had a row with Mansfield, he quarrelled with Stokes. Finally he alleged that Stokes had embezzled \$50,000 of the company's funds, and had him arrested on Saturday, January 4, 1871, late at night, when he could give no bail, and of course he was kept in prison one Sunday.

On Monday he was brought before Judge Dowling and held in \$50,000 bail—the case was afterwards dismissed, it being proved that it was a malicious prosecution.

This was the commencement of a series of furious quarrels. The parties were constantly before the courts. Stokes generally came out at the small end of the horn in a business way, but he made up for it by outwitting Fisk in the affections of Mansfield. The knowledge of this only made the valiant colonel the wilder and he left no stone unturned to wreck his vengeance on his successful enemy.

The result of his machinations was to be crowned with success in January, 1872. He boasted to his friends that he would have Stokes "doing time" before the month was out. And as Fisk, at that time, owned pretty much all the influence he wanted in the courts, it looked as if his vault would be realized.

On Saturday, January 6, 1872, at a quarter past four in the afternoon, a carriage drove up to the ladies' entrance of the Grand Central Hotel, and a stout gentleman, elegantly dressed, a heavy military cloak over his massive shoulders, his blonde moustache elaborately waxed, alighted. It was Colonel James Fisk, Jr., Comptroller of the Erie Railway, Colonel of the Ninth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., Admiral of the Narragansett Steamship Line, speculator in anything with money in it,

from a paper of pins to a Grand Opera House. At the same moment, a handsome young man, attired as faultlessly as the Parisian swell who floats along the *Boulevard des Italiens* at the absinthe hour—a young man with clear complexion and glossy black moustache, was walking in a careless and listless manner along the hotel corridors toward the head of the stairs. That gentleman was Mr. Edward S. Stokes, Fisk's former friend, but now his bitter enemy—a man of fashion, and shrewd business operator generally.

Colonel Fisk walked across the pavement, opened the door, and asked John T. Redmond, the porter on duty, whether Mrs. Morse was in. The boy replied that she was not, but that her daughter was up in her mother's room.

Fisk started up the staircase. Seven steps from the street is a platform. When Fisk reached the platform he glanced upward and saw Stokes, who was coming down. Their eyes met.

Just for a moment the men who hated each other stood irresolute. Then there was a mutual movement. Stokes leaped swiftly to one side, as if to avoid something, ran his gloved hand into the pocket of his riding coat, produced a four barreled revolver, and fired quick as thought at Fisk. The ball struck the Colonel in the abdomen, two inches to the right of the navel and three above it. As soon as he felt the perforation he staggered up against the wall and made the single exclamation, "Oh!"

Another flash, another report, and his left arm fell useless at his side. He turned to run down the stairs, staggered and fell to the bottom.

Redmond and others, who rushed in from the street, carried the wounded man to No. 213, just at the head of the stairs. Stokes dropped his pistol, and walked leisurely past the ladies' parlor, down the main staircase, and quietly surrendered himself to Mr. Powers, the proprietor, who delivered him into the custody of the police, who took him into Fisk's presence, in order to be identified by the latter as the person who had done the shooting.

When Stokes entered the room, they were undressing the Colonel, removing his diamonds from his shirt-front, and his diamond sleeve-buttons from his cuffs. His velvet coat had to be cut from him. When Fisk was asked the usual question, he looked up and said, "Yes—that is the man who shot me."

Stokes was first brought to trial on June 19, 1872. The jury disagreed; standing 7 for murder, and 5 for acquittal. The case came up again on December 18. The verdict, this time, was guilty, and on the anniversary of his crime, January 6, 1873, he was sentenced to be hanged the coming February 28. But a writ of error was obtained, and a new trial commenced on October 13, 1873. The result of this trial was that Stokes was sentenced to four years in State Prison, on a verdict of manslaughter in the third degree.

He served his term out and is now in business on Wall street.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Chapter XVIII. of the "Great Crimes and Criminals," will recount the shocking but fascinating circumstances of the still unpunished Kelsey butchery at Huntington, L. I.

HER FRIGHTFUL MISTAKE.

By Which a Young Lady Lost a "Nice Young Man."

Some time ago a couple of invalid young ladies of the upper crust went from Steubenville, O., to Florida for their health. While there they made the acquaintance of a number of young gents in their charmed circle, one of whom in particular, in consideration of his large bank account and manliness of person, made a very decided impression on one of the invalids, who, on her return, gave his address to a bosom friend. An immediate correspondence and exchange of photos and finally an accepted invitation to visit the lady was the result. Thus far true love had flown in a smooth channel. A day and train was agreed upon in which the gentleman would meet her at the Panhandle depot. She would know him by his lavender tie and gloves, and she was to be recognized by a lavender tie and a veil tied on her left arm. Now at this stage of the proceedings a brilliant idea struck the young lady so forcibly that, like the Irishman with the bull, she took her laugh first. She made Dinah, her ebony cook, a present of the costly lavender tie and asked her to go to the depot with her and carry some bundles she was expecting. All unconscious of the part she was playing, this African lady, dressed in her best and wearing the lavender tucker, arrived at the depot. When the train whistled the lady carelessly looped her veil on her companion's arm and told her to wait on the platform until she returned. From the window of the depot she saw the "best-looking young man she ever laid eyes on," wearing lavender kids and tie, jump from the train. He gave one look about, saw the colored damsel, jumped on the car and was off with the fast-flying train. She was not expecting to find the gentleman so antoschedistical, but looked for him to put up at the hotel until the return train so she could send an explanation that would make a favorable impression. But alas! "The best laid plans of mice and man oft gang a-ga'e." She never heard of him since and now mourns over what might have been.

A NEVADA NOVEL.

A True Story of the Lives and Loves of a Sage Bush, Nevada, Family—A Novel Swap in Which Everything Turned Out Happily.

The romances which are put in good shape by the novelist and newspaper excite great interest, while those in real life, going on all the time, are not seen by one in a dozen, and yet truth is stranger than fiction. Few plays or novels have so much incident and so strange changes as recently occurred to a little family in the State of Nevada. It consisted of the father and mother and a bright little boy. They are well thought of and go in good society. The father has always been a model man. He uses no tobacco, never drinks or swears and never made his wife jealous. They were married in an eastern state, and lived there and here in solid comfort and in apparent happiness. Not long ago one of these strange changes that sometimes comes over the wayward human heart turned the wife's affections away from her husband to centre on a bachelor neighbor. She asked her husband to give her a divorce, but he refused as he said he had no grounds. She told him that she loved another man better. He said with a laugh that didn't amount to anything, and the pleasant relations that had existed between all the parties remained unbroken, so far as the neighbors could see. The bachelor was very attractive, and the lady gave him every opportunity, while the husband manifested an utter indifference. The bachelor waxed rich in cattle and his trade in merchandise, while the husband, by close attention to business, was providing for his family and gathering together a few head of stock that were adding to his frugal fortune. The dead lock was at last broken, however, and just about the time the bachelor went out of the cattle business by disposing of 425 head to his rival in the lady's affections, she was granted a divorce. Whether the divorce figured in the trade as a valuable consideration, may not be susceptible of proof, but it is freely claimed that it did. The husband made a trip to the county seat, and took home the divorce and a license for marriage in the same pocket, and at the wedding of the happy couple he danced and ate cake, but drank no wine as he seemed happy enough without it. He kept the little boy, but allows him frequent visits to his mama's new home. The novel might close with "and they lived happily together forever after," but the oddest part of the whole story is to follow. A little infant appeared upon the scene a few months after the marriage, and the new husband sent the old one a bill for nurse and doctor's fees which was promptly paid. Since that, the first husband has been married to a handsome young lady, and the only drawback to her happiness is that her friends jokingly tell her that she is in danger of being traded off for a band of horses. What this story lacks in detail it makes up in truth.

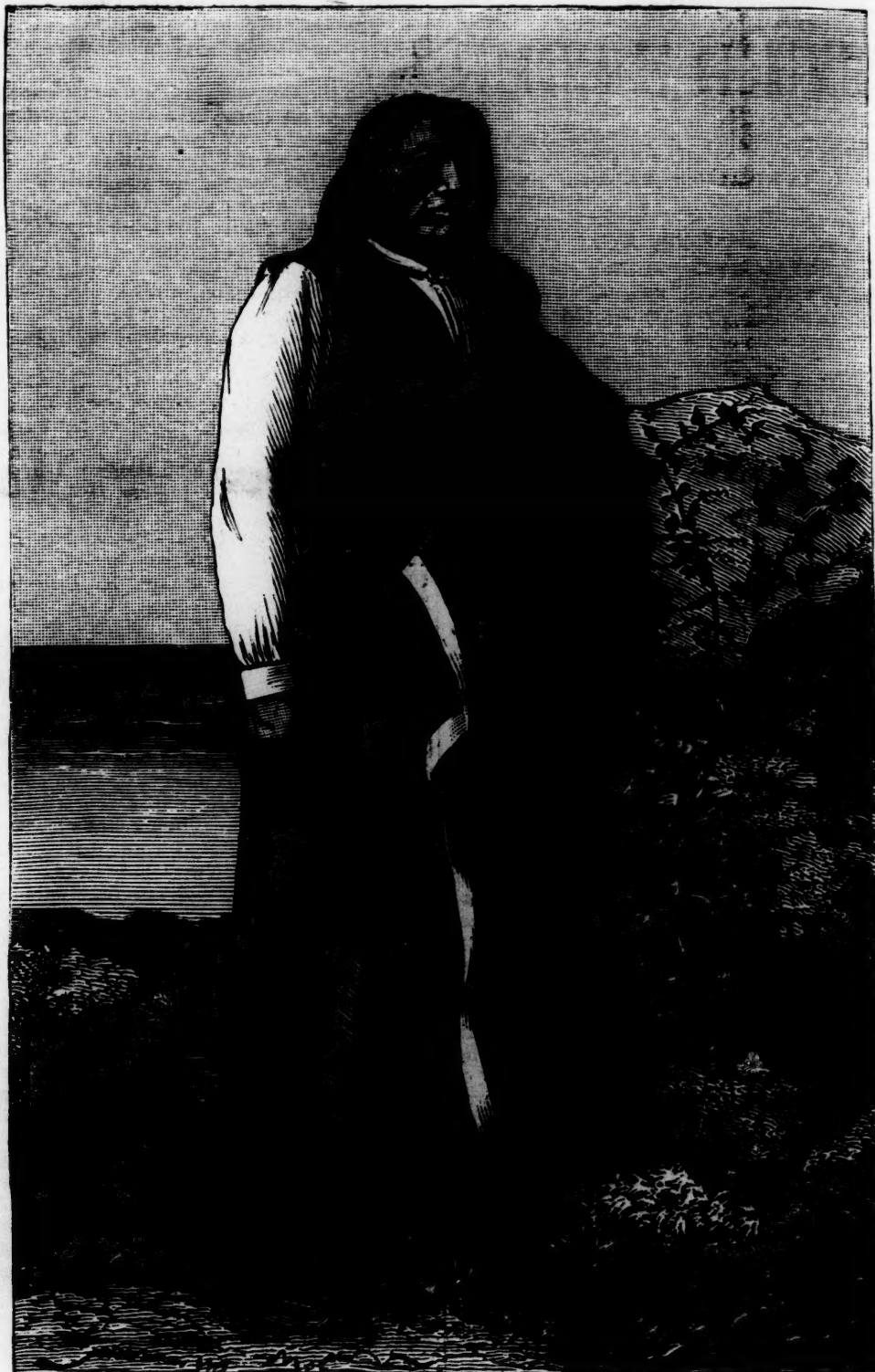
THE GIDDY GIRL.

Who Upset a Quiet Town by Her Antics—Bald Heads and "Mashers" Completely Upset.

The hitherto peaceable and orderly town of Cumberland, W. Va., has been considerably agitated over a scandal which has loomed up to the surface recently, and in which a well known merchant figures conspicuously. The scandal grew out of an intimacy which was being carried on for some time between the above mentioned and well-to-do merchant and a fair and prepossessing young dame who hails from Allegheny city. She went there and put up at the humble domicile of our host above mentioned as a guest of the family. Of course this was right and proper. Their many love pranks excited suspicion in the minds of the people living in the vicinity and people will talk, and they did talk and watch too, and their every movement appears to have been scanned by many prying eyes which gave rise to the many rumors which were put afloat caused by conduct said to have been seen that was not considered at all in keeping with Lord Chesterfield's teachings of etiquette. Her advent and appearance in the town was hailed with great delight by some of our tony sports as was evidenced by their anxiety to secure her first acquaintance, but of the many who appeared to be badly "mashed" only a couple of the more tony of them were permitted the privilege, as she appeared to have been of an independent turn of mind and choice in her suitors. However, a couple of them were successful in securing her company and quite an intimacy sprang up, and was kept up for a time as was evident by their delightful evening street flirtations and nightly meanderings and all was lovely for the time being, but there is a slip between the cup and the lip. Rumors are now being circulated in the under current tones of society reflecting somewhat on her previous intimacy with the sly merchant, which coming to the ears of the young tons created quite a panic and shut down on love making between them at once and suddenly. The eyes of the whole community in the meantime were scooping in all the sights and love matters now settled down and assumes its former and first aspect and is carried on quietly and according to the programme first marked out, and thus the two are controlling the affair to suit themselves unmolested.



WILLIAM GALE,
CHAMPION ENDURANCE PEDESTRIAN OF THE WORLD.
Photographed by John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York.

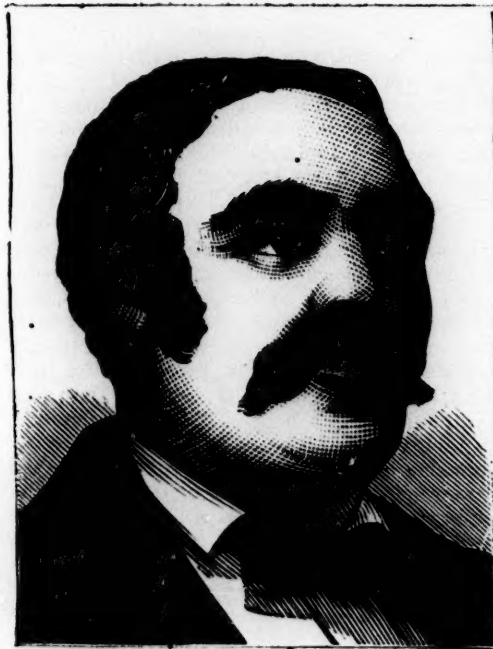


SPOTTED TAIL,
THE GREAT INDIAN CHIEF; MURDERED BY CROW DOG.

William Gale, Champion Endurance Pedestrian of the World.

In this week's issue we publish a picture of Wm. Gale, the champion endurance pedestrian of the world. Gale was born in London, England, within the sound of Bow Bells, in 1831. He, however, spent the most of his days in Wales. At an early age he engaged in feats of endurance and proved that he had speed, pluck and stamina. One of Gale's first efforts was at Cardiff, Wales, when he successfully accomplished the feat of walking 4,000 quarter miles in every ten minutes. At Liverpool, Eng., he walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours over a turnpike road. He walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, 1,000 miles in 1,000 half-hours and 500 quarter miles in 500 quarter-hours,

same year he was credited with walking 4,000 quarter-miles in 4,000 consecutive periods of ten minutes each, also in London. In the spring of 1870 he walked 2,280 miles in 912 hours, walking 1,100 yards every fifteen minutes or two miles and a half every hour, concluding at Bradford. Last fall he failed in an attempt to walk 2,500 miles in 2,000 consecutive half hours in the open air at Lillie Bridge. On August 8, in New York, Gale finished the great feat of covering six thousand quarter-miles in six thousand consecutive ten minutes, and continued on the track until he had added fourteen additional quarters to his wonderful record. All through from the beginning his condition has been normal, except once, when he took cramps. The fastest quarter was made in two minutes and seven seconds, and the lowest in eight minutes and



NED LYONS,
THE NOTED BURGLAR; SHOT WHILE ATTEMPTING
A BURGLARY AT WINDHAM, CONN.

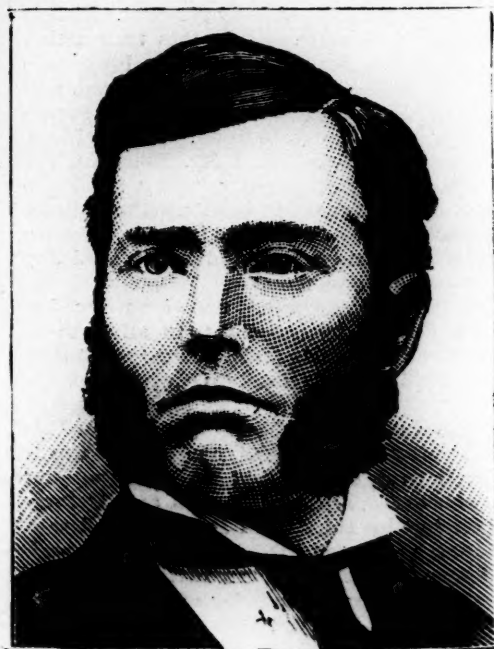


SETTLING FIDO'S BOARD BILL.

"WHY, YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME THAT YOU CHARGE AS MUCH FOR A CHILD AS YOU DO FOR FIDO?"—THE CANINE MANIA AMONG THE BELLES OF THE WATERING PLACES.

at Preston, Lancashire, England, 1856; 1,400 half-miles in 1,400 half-hours, at the old cricket ground, Brighton, March, 1856; 2,000 half-miles in 2,000 half-hours, at Cardiff, in 1866; 2,000 quarter-miles in 2,000 quarter-hours, in 1866. As he did not take the precaution to have these alleged achievements authenticated, however, they were not accept-

ed as records. In order, however, to convince doubters that he was able to repeat what he claimed to have accomplished, Gale in 1877 undertook to walk 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, a mile and a half every hour, at Lillie Bridge, London, under proper supervision and he was successful, thus eclipsing Captain Barclay's famous feat. Later in the



REV. WAYNE S. WALKER,
PROFESSOR OF PHILOMATH, OREGON, COLLEGE;
ACCUSED OF MORAL INDISCRETIONS.

twelve seconds. At the finish Gale wanted to bet \$500 to \$1,000 that he could "begin right off" and cover five hundred miles within seven days.

Left Without Pants.

Charles C. Spencer, of Henderson, Ky., but recently of Iavenport, Ia., arrived in St. Louis on the Mary Martin on Friday night. He employs his leisure moments in the show business and was recently with Collins' Oriental Circus. He had about \$30 and spent \$6 for a linen suit and then went on a little jam-boree. At a saloon on the levee he met two men who got into a conversation with him. One of them said he was a detective and Spencer must go with him. The showman refused and the two unknown men then tried to pick his pockets. Finding themselves unable to do this they cut his new pants down the sides and ran off with the pockets, leaving their victim



FORTIFYING HIMSELF AGAINST HADES.

A YOUNG MAN WAGERS THAT HE CAN EAT FOUR AND A HALF QUARTS OF ICE CREAM AT A SITTING—THOSE INTERESTED IN THE BET FURNISH A COFFIN WHICH HE FILLS AT THE COMPLETION OF HIS FEAT; CHEYENNE.

vice. Very unexpectedly they returned home earlier than usual, and in order to get out of the way of the old man's boot the young lady made her lover get inside of the old-fashioned clock that was built in the wall, she also secreting herself in the same place. The old man sat in the room for a while, and seeing that the clock had stopped, opened the door to set the pendulum going, and discovered the imprisoned pair. There was a row, and the young man got the worst of it.

Capt. Amos Shirley, the fallen commander of the Salvation Army in Philadelphia, could keep a congregation together during a meeting nine hours long and that was taken as a proof of his power as an evangelist. Under his guidance the army prospered, growing rapidly in numbers and getting all the financial aid that was needed. In the midst of one of his exhortations a young girl burst into tears. He asked



NEW WAY TO PICK POCKETS.

TWO THIEVES ATTACK A CITIZEN ON THE STREET AND RELIEVE HIM OF HIS PANTS BY THE AID OF A KNIFE; ST. LOUIS, MO.

melons. The spotting of the patch in the afternoon, the slow creeping through the cornfield, the watch at the fence corner thrills every nerve, but the real excitement comes when the melons are thrust through the fence, followed by the flight across the new-mown field, and the battle with the honest house dog. If you don't leave a part of your trowsers' seat in the dog's teeth, there will be no evidence to worry over. An old negro near Columbia, S. C., in a raid last week on a neighbor's melon-patch met with an adventure that necessitated the ownership of a good-sized patch of his own.

In company with another darkey he visited a neighboring melon field, and secured two of the ripest and heaviest melons in the patch. He was making away with them, one under each arm, when a ferocious dog gave chase. Just as Mr. "Dark" was getting over the fence the dog lay siege to the seat of his trousers, and the light-fingered coon was placed in a sore dilemma. Should he save his trousers or the melons? If he let the latter drop the owner would be preserved. But his love for the succulent fruit predominated.

"I can get dem patched, but sich good melons isn't got ebervy day," he reasoned with himself.

In struggling to get free the strain on the pants became greater and greater, and finally the seat succumbed to the dog's teeth. With great foresight the canine carried the evidence home, and Mr. "Dark" was arrested the following day. \$10 fine, or ten days in jail.

"Dem was 'sponsive melons," he said, "but golly dey was good; guess I'll go to jail, jedge."

Why the Clock Stopped.

An old farmer near Meriden, Ct., had one fair daughter and no more. He objected very energetically against the young man whom she allowed to hold her on Sunday nights, and forbade him to call at the house any more. But love knows no obedience, and the young man came just the same. His visits were always timed when the old folks were at evening ser-



WHY THE CLOCK STOPPED.

A YOUNG GIRL CONCEALS HERSELF AND LOVER IN AN OLD-FASHIONED CLOCK AND HER OLD FATHER DISCOVERS THE REASON THE CLOCK DON'T GO; MERIDEN, CT.

standing breecherless on the sidewalk. A policeman gave him a pair of trousers to cover his nakedness and Spencer wended his way to the Central Office and told his story to Sergeant Hall.

A Darkey's Dilemma.

We are willing to stake our bottom dollar that there is not a negro, or white man, either, can lay his hand on his heart and solemnly swear that he never, never—no, never—stole a watermelon. Plenty might be able to say so but the father of all falsifiers would keep them silent on this point. Those who never stole any of the fruit have probably tried to, and failed. In the clear moonlight nights when the air is crisp and bracing, there is no recreation so delightful as the stealing of tender and juicy water-



WHICH WILL LET GO FIRST?

THE DOG ON SAMBO'S BREECHES, OR SAMBO OF THE MELON?—THE UNPLEASANT DILEMMA IN WHICH A DARKEY WAS PLACED WHILE STEALING WATERMELONS; COLUMBIA, S. C.

her to step forward and a pretty woman, scarcely 20 years of age and richly dressed, went to the platform and begged the preacher to pray for her. She was almost in hysterics and wished to be received into the Salvation Army. Shirley, pointing grimly at the bright colors in her bonnet, commanded her to take it off. She obeyed and fell on her knees before the assemblage to receive the red cross of the army. The Captain's downfall was brought about through this interesting convert. He is a runaway from his wife, children and the Salvation Army.

A POLICEMAN saw a woman digging in her garden at Paris, Kentucky, before daylight. He watched her until she brought out a box containing \$20,000, the proceeds of a recent bank robbery.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

New Haven's Tragic Mystery.

Jennie E. Cramer was the daughter of Jacob Cramer, a German cigar maker at New Haven. She was remarkably beautiful, both in figure and face. She had dark brown hair and eyes. Her complexion was so fair and fine that some of her acquaintances charged her with eating arsenic to produce it. She was well rounded, supple and graceful, and her figure was set off by tasteful dressing. She was, perhaps, the best-known girl seen in New Haven streets, and she had universally the reputation of being the prettiest. Her education had been good, and her conversation was bright and vivacious. She allowed herself and her parents allowed her some latitude in her behavior, but it was not more than is exercised by thousands of girls living in New England towns whose conduct does not come under reproach. She had many companions, male and female, and with them she went on excursions and walked in the streets in the evening. Apparently none of her acquaintances were among the Yale students, but she was familiar by sight to all of these, and it was common for them to toast her exceptional beauty. "Every Yale man," said a New Haven citizen, "was dead in love with her, but I don't believe she has ever exchanged a word with one of them." By all accounts she was gay, but not vicious. She was a belle, and a favorite among her companions, male and female.

James and Walter Malley were among her acquaintances. The two are brothers, and resemble each other closely enough to be twins. They are sons of James Malley, a dry-goods retailer, who at different times has had stores in divers New England towns. He has always sold goods cheap, and has followed the principle of "large sales and small profits." He is an extensive advertiser. His store in New Haven, in Chapel street, fronting on the Green, is packed with dry goods like Macy's. Some years ago his Springfield store, which he called the "Monitor," was burned, and Mr. Malley was tried and cleared on a charge of arson. He has accumulated money, and lives well. He has carriages and horses, which the young men use as they please. The boys are 22 or 23 years of age. They are short and slender, with dark hair and eyes, and each wears a small dark moustache. They dress similarly, and in the regard of physical manliness look hardly more than school boys.

About five weeks ago a lady giving her name as Blanche Douglass stopped at the Tremont House in New Haven. She stayed there half a day, and then went to the Tontine Hotel, where she remained three or four days. While in New Haven she says she was visited by Walter and James Malley. She adds that Mr. John Duff of New York came to New Haven with her, although he did not stay in the same hotel. While she was at the Tontine she says that she rode out with a party, including the brothers Malley and Mr. Duff, to Buell's, on the East Haven shore. At Buell's the Malloys introduced her to Miss Jennie Cramer. Mr. James Malley says that the first time that he ever went driving with Miss Jennie was a little over a month ago. Mr. Duff and a lady accompanied them. He had been acquainted with Jennie about a year, but had seen her only a few times. On those occasions he had met her accidentally, and had said very little to her. He asked her to go riding because he wanted to make a party with Mr. Duff, and happened to think of her as a desirable companion.

On a Saturday night previous to July 23, while Jennie was home, a little cash girl from Malley's store brought her the following note in James Malley's handwriting:

If you will overlook my audacity in requesting your company on a pleasure trip to Coney Island, leaving by to-night's boat, and overlook the lateness of the invitation, I will feel honored by your consent to come. We will meet Walter and his friend, and return Monday morning at 7 o'clock.

If your answer is yes, meet me on the corner of Temple and Chapel streets at 10% this evening.

"Miss Jennie evidently understood who Walter's friend was. Subsequent developments pretty surely indicate that it was the lady known as Blanche Douglass. At all events, judging from the following letter, Jennie's answer was favorable:

DEAR JENNIE: I feel very grateful for your kind answer, and feel very sorry things have turned out as they have. Walter has received a telegram from his lady friend, saying she cannot come to our city this afternoon on account of illness, which makes things all mixed up again. But the next time I will take care that nothing of the kind shall occur again, for I shall make no engagements again until I see her in our city. Hoping you will not blame me for anything, as I have done everything in my power to have all parties meet,

Truly yours, J. M.

As tending to show the intimacy existing between James Malley and Miss Jennie, the subjoined note, also written previous to July 23, will be found interesting:

DEAR: I will call upon you this evening at about 8 o'clock; let me know by br. if you will be at home. Respt. yours, J. M.

Mr. and Mrs. Cramer both say that Mr. James Malley was in the habit of calling upon Miss Jennie at their house. On July 23 Miss Cramer received the following from James Malley:

JULY 23, 1881.
MY DEAR JENNIE: Our lady friend, Miss

Blanche, is to come to our city on the 6 o'clock train this evening. We would like to have you see her this evening so as we can make arrangements to go somewhere for to-morrow. Please call at the store this evening. I will tell you what hotel she is at. Let me know what time you will call at the store. Respt. yours, J. M.

On the same day, later, the following was sent:

DEAR FRIEND: Would you like to drive out to the shore with a party of four of us and have supper and music? Please say yes, and we will call for you.

Yours, &c., JAMES MALLEY.

To this note Miss Jennie must have replied that she was going out of town and that she could not make any engagement, for on the following day James Malley wrote her as follows:

NEW HAVEN, July 24, 1881.
DEAR JENNIE: You have indeed disappointed us so much that I am afraid that the same party will not have the pleasure of meeting again, as Miss Blanche may leave town before your return. Walter has just started up to his house for the team and will feel greatly disappointed on his return to find your letter saying you cannot join us this evening, so much so that I fear if we wish to make a party up again I am afraid we will have much trouble in doing so. Will you not put off your going out of town this evening and join our party? Do not say no but let your answer be yes. Truly yours, J. M.

P. S.—If you can join us you will please call for Blanche at 6%.

Miss Jennie had left the city before this note was sent. It was received by her mother, who replied as follows:

DEAR SIR: I am very sorry you are so disappointed, but daughter left New Haven on the 4:13 train for New Britain and will return on Thursday morning. Respectfully yours,

The lady known as Miss Blanche Douglass arrived in New Haven at 6 P.M. on the night of July 23 and registered at the Tontine Hotel. She says that she wrote Mr. Malley asking him to engage a room. He met her at the depot and took her to the hotel. On the 26th or 27th she says that Miss Jennie called upon her, sending her card up by the clerk. She stayed two hours or more and then both went to Redcliff's, the Delmonico of New Haven, and had some ice cream. After leaving Redcliff's she says that Jennie asked her to go to Malley's store. She did so. They remained in the store about an hour. Walter Malley then accompanied her to the Tontine and James accompanied Jennie home. On the next day Jennie received the following letter:

NEW HAVEN, July 28, 1881.
MISS JENNIE: Would like to see you some time this afternoon before 6% if convenient. Yours very truly,

BLANCHE DOUGLASS, Tontine Hotel.

Answer by bearer.
Blanche says that this meant an invitation from James Malley to take a ride. Jennie came to the hotel about 6 P.M. They met the Malloys on a street just off Chapel street and again drove down to Buell's at East Haven. There was a dance at Buell's and instead of dining there they went to a neighboring hotel, where Jennie said that they could get a good supper. Blanche tells a contradictory story as to where they went on their return from Buell's. At first she said that the Malloys left them at the Elliott House. Afterwards she said that the Malloys drove their own team and the girls got out at the Malley mansion. It was between one and two o'clock. They went to a hotel over Redcliff's. Miss Jennie said she was thirsty and wanted something to drink. They were in a private room, containing a sofa, a centre table and half a dozen chairs. James Malley went out and got four glasses of soda water. They remained there till 3 A.M. Walter left Blanche at the Tontine Hotel and James went home with Jennie.

On the evening of the 29th, Blanche says, Jennie's sister called on her at the Tontine Hotel and asked her to come to Jennie's home to tea. She replied that she was too tired. The sister said that Jennie wanted her to call upon her if she went out.

Meantime Blanche wrote a note informing Jennie that she had taken rooms at the Elliott House.

On Saturday, July 30, Blanche says, Miss Jennie called on her at 5 P.M. She dined with her at the Elliott House. While she was there Walter Malley came in and asked them to have some ice cream. Jennie replied that she could not as she had an engagement with somebody else.

On Wednesday, the 3d of August, Miss Jennie received the following letter:

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 3, '81.
DEAR MISS CRAMER: Have been expecting to see you the last two days. Jim is going to Walter's house this evening and I would so much like to have you join us. Can you call this afternoon? Yours in haste,

BLANCHE.

Before this time Blanche says that Miss Jennie wrote to James Malley, asking whether Blanche had left the city. Blanche acknowledges that her note to Jennie was forwarded by Walter Malley. Jennie accepted the invitation. She called at the Elliott House, where the girls were joined by James Malley. Blanche says they accompanied James to the Malley mansion. The old gentleman was absent at Saratoga. Walter Malley received them. They saw nobody else in the house. They had ice cream, bananas and white wine. Walter Malley played on the piano. About 11% Blanche says that she felt sick and lay down on a sofa. Walter offered to get a physician and she declined the offer. Then Walter said that if she felt very bad she could have a room up-stairs. She and Jennie went up-stairs and went to bed in the same room. Blanche says she was

very sick and did not sleep more than an hour. They were together all the time and left the house alone about half-past eight in the morning.

Walter and James Malley corroborate Miss Blanche's story. Blanche says that they went alone to Redcliff's and had breakfast. From Redcliff's they went to the Elliott House and, at Jennie's suggestion, Blanche accompanied her home. Blanche says that Jennie urged her to tell her mother that she had spent the night at the Elliott House with her. Jennie said that if she told her mother the truth her mother would tell her father and her father would kill her. She said that her father had treated her cruelly and when angry had dragged her about the room by the hair of her head. On reaching Jennie's house and telling her story to the mother, Blanche says that Mrs. Cramer was much incensed and threatened to tell Jennie's father. The mother said: "What a bad girl you are. As soon as your sister Minnie comes home you will have to leave the house. I will tell your father and I won't have you about the house. You are a terrible bad girl and this is the third or fourth time you've been out this way."

Jennie replied that Blanche had invited her to stay with her at the Elliott House and that she had done nothing wrong. The mother left the room in a rage and Jennie turned to Blanche, saying:

"Come, Blanche, let go. They've turned me out of the house. She'll tell father and father'll kill me."

Blanche says that she refused to go with her and that Jennie then left the house alone. Blanche remained there fully ten minutes and as Mrs. Cramer did not reappear she departed. The father of the girl contradicts this statement and says that the two girls left the house together.

Blanche declares that after leaving Mr. Cramer's house she got on a horse car and went to her dressmaker's. While riding past the corner of Church and Chapel streets she saw Jennie in a Savin Rock car which was standing near the Green. On her way back to the hotel Blanche says she met Walter Malley and told him of fearing trouble. Toward night Mrs. Cramer, becoming alarmed at Jennie's absence, called upon James Malley at his father's store and inquired concerning her daughter. James must have visited Blanche immediately afterward, for on returning home the mother received the following letter:

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 4, '81.
MRS. CRAMER—Dear Madame: It has pained me exceedingly to hear from Mr. James Malley that you were under the impression that your daughter Jennie was with me. I thought when I requested her to remain one night with me that I was doing her a favor and kindness; but it has turned out otherwise. This morning when you left the room she started up immediately, and wished me to follow her. I refused to go till you returned, feeling you would blame me further. After Jennie had left the room some ten minutes, not seeing you I left. Since that time I have not seen her except that I think I saw her in a horse car going toward Savin Rock. She mentioned yesterday that she thought of going to her brother who lived in New York soon. When you called at the hotel to-day I was at the dressmakers and am sorry that I was unable to tell you this much in person. If I should by any chance see her I shall deem it my duty to acquaint you immediately. Yours very truly,

BLANCHE DOUGLASS.

While Blanche claims that she was at her dressmaker's the father called upon her and was told that she was not in. On Friday morning with Miss Douglass, miles away from the spot where the body was found. James said that he was at home that night, where he was seen by the members of his family, Miss Haley, a dressmaker, and Mrs. Malloy, a milliner. He was asked whether all the members of his family saw him that night.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "My father came to me after the newspaper reports were concluded, and asked me where I was Friday night. No, he came to me and said, 'It's a lucky thing for you that you were home on Friday night.'"

James said that on Thursday Walter heard that Jennie had gone to New York with Blanche. Fearing that he would be blamed, he started after them, and at Stamford was stopped by a telegram from his brother informing him that Blanche was in New Haven.

The doctors have made a post-mortem examination, but decline to make any statement until called to testify. It is said that no water was found in the stomach, which would indicate that the girl was not drowned.

The inquest was adjourned until the 16th inst. On the adjournment, the lady known as Blanche Douglass took the train for New York, her departure evidently hastened by a knowledge that the name of Lizzie Bundy had been discovered on her underclothing by her washerwoman.

Blanche arrived in this city Wednesday night. She went to the Hoffman House, where she was registered as Miss Clement of New Haven. She remained in the hotel over night, and left on the following morning after paying her bill. She did not say where she was going, and it is believed that she left the hotel because her identity was known there. She refused to see any visitors, leaving word with the clerk of the hotel that she was not at home. Inquiries at 175 Spring street and 231 East Thirty-fourth street, the addresses given by her in New Haven, showed that no such person as Blanche Douglass, or Lizzie Bundy, the name marked on her linen, had lived there. The police of this city are not working on the case, as the

Haven Morgue, near by. Drs. Painter and Shepard made an examination. The face was discolored. A bruise on the forehead looked as though it might have been made by the sand. Her left ear and her lip were slightly cut, and her mouth bore a pale stain of blood. There were slight bruises on her right shoulder, also. In her pocket was a blue purse, trimmed with beads, and containing fourteen cents. As she lay in the morgue there was seaweed and sand tangled and sprinkled in her hair. A string of glass beads that she wore about her head was broken and her hair was also sprinkled with the bits of these.

An inquest was begun the same day. The examination took place in the public building at West Haven Centre, about a mile from the shore. Lawyer Bollman of New Haven questioned the witnesses. Asa Curtiss testified as to the finding of the body. He was not questioned as to the wind or the tide. The immediate suggestion that people received was that the girl fell or jumped from Kelsey's pier, which is fully as long as the iron pier at Coney Island.

There was almost no wind on Friday night and Saturday morning, and all the old shoremen say that the tide would have set a floating object far east of the point where the girl's body was found into the New Haven harbor. A billet of wood thrown into the water from the end of Kelsey's wharf on a still flood tide fulfilled the theories of the old shoremen.

The lady known as Blanche Douglass testified substantially as is reported above. She is about 20 years of age, and is good-looking. Her dress was rich and striking. She had two counsel. She said that she lived at 231 East Thirty-fourth street, New York. A reporter went to the house at 231 East Thirty-fourth street, in this city. The house is a new five-story tenement, and the occupants said that no person by the name of Blanche Douglass had ever lived there. Nothing was known of the woman at 231 West Thirty-fourth street, nor at 175 Spring street, an address also given by Miss Douglass as her residence.

Miss Douglass testified that she was sent to New Haven by her brother, John Douglass, who is traveling out west with a patent for coupling railroad cars. During her examination she burst into a flood of tears and cried out:

"Oh, I do wish my brother was here."

Blanche says that on Saturday morning, the morning on which Jennie Cramer was found drowned, she went to her dressmakers, not having breakfasted, and returned to the Elliott House at 10%. A man called on her from the Coroner about an hour after she returned. As soon as he had gone she went to the Green, and sent a boy for Walter Malley. He came to her. She told him that Jennie was dead, and he answered that he had heard the same from customers in the store. Blanche says that they said no more about it, but walked about, going to no place, and then returning to the hotel. She saw James Malley also, and he said he was sorry.

Walter and James Malley were also on the stand. Their stories did not differ materially from that of Miss Douglass, whom they frequently visited since the discovery of the body. Both assert that they have not seen Jennie since Thursday morning. Walter says that on Friday night he was at the Bradford Point with Miss Douglass, miles away from the spot where the body was found. James said that he was at home that night, where he was seen by the members of his family, Miss Haley, a dressmaker, and Mrs. Malloy, a milliner. He was asked whether all the members of his family saw him that night.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "My father came to me after the newspaper reports were concluded, and asked me where I was Friday night. No, he came to me and said, 'It's a lucky thing for you that you were home on Friday night.'"

James said that on Thursday Walter heard that Jennie had gone to New York with Blanche. Fearing that he would be blamed, he started after them, and at Stamford was stopped by a telegram from his brother informing him that Blanche was in New Haven.

The doctors have made a post-mortem examination, but decline to make any statement until called to testify. It is said that no water was found in the stomach, which would indicate that the girl was not drowned.

The inquest was adjourned until the 16th inst. On the adjournment, the lady known as Blanche Douglass took the train for New York, her departure evidently hastened by a knowledge that the name of Lizzie Bundy had been discovered on her underclothing by her washerwoman.

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New Haven authorities have not asked them for help.

On the 15th inst. Blanche Douglass was arrested in this city on a charge of perjury and taken back to New Haven. At the inquest she swore that Jennie Cramer stayed with her at the hotel, and afterward confessed that she occupied the same bed with Walter Malley, and that Jennie Cramer slept with James Malley.

The whole New Haven detective force are hard at work trying to ferret out the mystery of the death of Miss Cramer.

Edward Malley, father of Walter Malley, and uncle of James Malley, Jr., has two extra detectives employed, and offers \$1,000 for conclusive evidence as to the party or parties who caused the girl's death.

Made to Dance in the Pulpit.

Jerry Benton is only the type of a class of men who are scattered through Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and Texas, and who are more dangerous to society than all the other criminal classes combined. The untamed cowboy generally sports a large six shooter, a belt, a knife, repeating rifle, and a huge pair of spurs, while the mustang which he rides is supplied with a Spanish saddle, and held in check and guided by a huge Spanish bit. Herding cattle being his vocation, nothing delights him more than a wild chase after an untamed steer, and, being a splendid rider, neither an Apache nor a soldier can get the best of him on the plains. Sometimes he is an American, sometimes a Mexican, a half-breed, or Indian, but, no matter what his nationality may be, he is as uncivilized as a grizzly bear and reckless as a savage.

He would be as much out of place in a Chicago parlor as a wolf in a sheep fold or an alligator in a bird cage; but properly mounted, and his animal trained to carry out his slightest wish, he does not serve as a bad subject for an artist, and his physique and horsemanship are universally praised. Quick, wiry and interper, often generous and humane, he is always *sui generis*, and many are the stories told of his bloodthirsty career. Originally he belonged to Texas and was generally known as the Texas ranger; but with the increase of stock-raising farther west he has finally come to the railroad, and is now found on every ranch from Tucson to Santa Fe. He it is who has made life on the borders unsafe for immigrants, who does the shooting in most of our frontier towns, and is fast becoming a terror to the citizens of the section which he chooses to visit. Like "the bad man from Bodie," fear to him is an unknown quantity, and the greater the danger the more desperate he seems to become.

Some time ago a crowd of cowboys went to a certain restaurant in a small town to the north, and amused themselves by shooting at the plates in front of the boarders. The guests suddenly concluded that they were no longer hungry, and a general stampede was made and the cowboys enjoyed the fun immensely.

"A cowboy came into my place once near Tombstone," said Jerry Benton to me as we journeyed across to Arizona, "and began firing at my chandelier. I began firing, too, and soon that cowboy dropped in his tracks."

In another village, not long since, I read that, after a certain congregation had assembled in the evening, a number of cowboys entered the church, and one of them exclaimed:

"See how neatly I can shoot the eye out of that fool of a preacher."

The preacher stepped down and out, and the congregation quickly dispersed.

"Curly Bill," who killed Marshal White at Tombstone last year, with his gang one day entered the church at Charlestown, and, ordering the minister out of the pulpit, compelled him to dance in the most approved style before his congregation. The gang guarded the doors, and allowed no one to escape until the performance was over. The minister is now more strongly opposed to dancing than before.

Another reverend gentleman not long since met two cowboys, and, on being invited to drink, politely declined.

"You drink with us or die right here," said one of the desperadoes, pointing a revolver at the minister's head. And immediately he swallowed the biggest drink of alcohol he had ever had in his life; and even Neal Dow, John B. Gough, or Gov. St. John would not otherwise have acted.

A Sweetheart's Dreadful Discovery.

Last summer a young New Yorker spent the season at one of the pretty towns which dot Hudson river. He was a gay, well educated and handsome fellow, and soon found the entrance to the best society of the place. Among his many friends he numbered an old steamboat man—a millionaire retired upon the fortune of his speculative days. The old river magnate possessed a daughter, between whom and the stranger a pleasing intimacy soon sprang up. At the end of the summer, when the New Yorker had to return to his metropolitan labors, the pair were formally betrothed. The wedding was to take place last Christmas.

It was postponed, however, on account of a death in the young lady's family, but an ardent correspondence preserved the tenor of true love at the proper pitch of fervor. When this summer came the lover did not appear in

the country, the reason given by his letters being that he was confined to business so closely that he could not get away.

Business with his bankers calling the old steamboat man to New York, he brought his daughter to the city with him. They made an ineffectual search for the laborious lover, only to find that he had left his fashionable boarding-house some time before, to go no one knew whither. Where he was employed, or at what, the inquirers could not learn.

They determined to see the wonders of the city before they returned, and among the places they visited was Police Headquarters. There, of course, they were introduced to the Rogues Gallery; all visitors are. One of the first portraits in the collection upon which the young lady's eyes rested was one that extracted from her a scream of horror. Her father noticed it almost as quickly as she did, and demanded of the attendant officer:

"Who is that?"

"One of the smartest confidence men in America," was the reply. "He's now spending a year on the Island for swindling a poor widow out of a thousand dollars on which he said he wanted to get married. Do you know him?"

For further particulars inquire among the gossips of Blankville, N. Y.

Where the Parson Was.

The town of Knapp has been considerably excited for some time over a scandal in that place in which a parson and a pretty school-teacher are the principal parties. A camp-meeting was being held in a grove, and when the time came for services to begin, the parson and school-mistress were missing. Serious charges against their virtue were made and a jury of Methodist ministers met to try the parson. Contrary to the evidence and the expectations of almost everybody, they returned a verdict which was virtually an acquittal, and the naughty pastor was told to go and sin no more. On the witness stand, two of the most reputable men of Knapp swore point blank that they saw the minister and young lady walk out of the village and enter a grove a short distance off. Thinking things looked a little suspicious, they followed and saw them having criminal intercourse. They hurried back to the village and called two other men to witness what they had just seen. When they returned, in about twenty minutes, the two were sitting on a log, the parson having his arm around the young lady. They walked up to them and asked some trivial questions, noting the very great embarrassment of the guilty pair. Four witnesses saw them on the log in this position, and two of them swore that they saw even worse.

Elder Atwater and Miss Northrup, at the trial, both admitted that they might have been sitting in rather close proximity, but denied the charge of adultery strenuously. The ministerial jurors decided that the oaths of the accused were as weighty as those of the two witnesses, and on this ground acquitted them. As soon as the result of the church trial was known, a criminal warrant was sworn out by one of the principal witnesses and Elder Atwater and Miss Northrup were arrested on a charge of fornication, and both will now have to stand a regular trial. The whole affair savors greatly of the sensational.

Compelled to Lick a Girl's Shoes.

An incident illustrating the gallantry of frontiersmen toward women is related of Wm. Porter, better known as Comanche Bill, Gen. Terry's favorite scout. It happened in Wichita a few weeks since. Bill rode into the town dressed in a complete suit of buckskin and with a gang of honest rangers at his back. As he went along he saw a "counter-jumper," as he was pleased to call him, roughly catch a little girl about 18 years old (Bill's idea of a little girl) by the shoulder and solicit her attention. The girl withdrew her arm angrily, and just then the scene fell under Bill's personal inspection.

"She was a poor girl," says Bill, "and plainly clad in an old dress, but I wasn't going to see her insulted by any durned counter-jumper under my mountain eyes. I just jumped down from my horse and called for that feller to stop. He didn't seem to want to stop, but I made him. I took up the little girl in my arms and sat her down on a box. I took off her shoes and said to the counter-jumper: 'Now I want you to get down and lick the dust off the soles of that poor girl's feet whom you have insulted.'"

"And I made him do it. He looked down the muzzle of a 45-calibre Colt's for just about half a minute and then he came to his milk like a little lamb."

"And I made him lick that girl's feet, though a big crowd gathered around; but I had all my men with me and didn't care whether they liked it or not."

Dogs and Children.

"It is positively disgusting," writes a correspondent from Newport, "to see the fondness which some of the belles have for dogs. Everywhere you go you meet young ladies carrying their bleary-eyed, mangy pets about with them, and I actually believe they consider them superior to human beings. Indeed, the best evidence on this point was furnished by a couple of young ladies who had been boarding at one of the principal hotels, in

company with their little sister. When about leaving they called at the clerk's desk to settle their bills. Their bills were paid, and then Fido's was figured up, and paid readily. The little sister's amounted to more than Fido's, whereupon one of them exclaimed indignantly, 'What, you don't mean to charge as much for her as you do for Fido?' The fact that he was reckoned of less account than a child was very humiliating to their opinion of Fido's dignity and value.

Beauty in Mid-Air.

Women have long been famous for the soaring character of their ideas and aspirations, but few get as high in practice as one of our leading belles recently did on a voyage across the Atlantic. One afternoon during the trip the sailors performed some necessary maneuvers among the spars of the steamer and one of the ladies who witnessed the performance remarked regretfully that she wished she was a man and could share their gymnastic exercise. The belle of our picture observed:

"You can if you want to; at least, I can."

"Do you mean to say you could climb the rigging like those men?" was asked.

"Yes, I do."

"In your mind I guess. Why, I'll bet my solitaires against that cat's-eye ring of yours you couldn't even get up the first ladder."

"I'll take that bet," said the fair boaster, quickly.

And before anyone could interfere to prevent her she was in the rigging, scaling her way nimbly upwards. A cry of consternation went up from the deck when the climber reached the main top. She only answered with a mocking laugh, and commenced the ascent of the top mast. She did not cease her progress till she clung to the swaying top-gallant mast, waving a cigarette she produced from her pocket in triumph at her stupefied audience.

Then she descended and claimed her wager. Who can say that she had not earned it?

Snatched Bald-Headed.

A young lady in one of the up-town districts has for a long time enjoyed the distinction of being the "belle of the ward" in which she has lived, and might still be so considered but for an accident which occurred to her one evening last week. She was sitting in her front window enjoying the beauties of nature—the male portion especially—when a musician, accompanied by his monkey, stopped in front of her residence and began to play. After furnishing a few tunes Jocko was sent to collect. The young lady evidently had not appreciated the music well enough to pay for it, and this fact made the monkey mad, and he pounced upon her head and snatched off a luxuriant wig, hitherto supposed by her admirers to be her own hair. The fraud was revealed to several bystanders, who circulated the report that the "belle" was bald-headed. She is not so much sought for now as formerly.

The Water Duel.

A party of Venetian tourists stopping at Manhattan Beach delighted the spectators one day last week by indulging in an eminently characteristic European watering place sport. Two muscular belles, with long poles, on the ends of which were fastened two small stuffed bags, got into boats and stood on the stern and engaged in a battle for the title of Queen of the Water. The contest was waged with great spirit, and before the victory was won both got several forcible duckings.

Trip-Hammer Vengeance.

Richards and Duff worked a trip-hammer in an iron foundry at Palmyra, Mo. They were fierce enemies, and one of their frequent quarrels led to Richards threatening to put Duff's hand under the hammer. Duff dared him to try. A fearful encounter ensued, but Richards proved strong enough for his purpose, and Duff lost his hand.

Cheeky Smokers.

Two young females of very progressive ideas regarding women's rights afforded quite a novel scene to pedestrians on Sixth avenue one day last week. Getting aboard one of the street cars, they stepped on the back platform, and with the coolness and grace of vets, pulled out a couple of cigars, lit them and puffed away as freely as if they were in their own domiciles.

Ought to Die.

Cheyenne has a young man who can eat four and a half quarts of ice cream at one sitting. The *Cheyenne Sun* says he accomplished this feat last Friday night, the ice cream having been procured in a large-sized candy jar, and it was eaten in the presence of a coffin and of persons relating instances of persons who had died immediately after eating a quart or less.

A Butcher With an Iron Jaw.

John Suber, a butcher of this city, performed the remarkable feat of lifting a quarter of beef, weighing 150 pounds, with his teeth, one day last week. He not only lifted it, but carried it from his wagon into his shop on Washington street.

SONS OF THE "ONE HUNDRED AND ONE."

[With Portraits.]

Sunday night, July 31, the store of Hendrickson McClure, at McKeesport, Pa., was burglarized by thieves who carried their plunder in a skiff to Dead Man's Hollow, on the Youghiogony River. George A. McClure, a son of a Westmoreland farmer, and also a partner in the above-mentioned firm, followed the thieves and recovered, next day, a portion of the property stolen from him. The day following he again started in pursuit. McClure had gone some distance ahead of the pursuing party up the bluff. A man named Fleming remarked that he had got on the trail and he believed it was getting warmer. Just then they heard voices ahead and they supposed that McClure had met the McKeesport party, who had gone out to help him and were expected in Dead Man's Hollow about 4 o'clock. It was then about 7 o'clock. McClure was on the top of the hill, about ten feet from the crest. They heard one voice say: "Here are these — —; let us kill the first one," or words to that effect. McClure answered back, but they did not hear what he said. Fleming said to Lynch: "Joe, let's hurry up, there's something the matter," and with that they went up the hill and saw that the men had taken McClure's revolver from him and he was slowly being backed down the hill. The men were still firing away and Fleming, who is an old man, said: "There, men, stop that, it won't do to shoot that way, you'll get yourselves into a fuss."

Just at that time McClure fell and then they turned on Fleming and shot him in the leg. He saved himself by rolling down the side of the hill. Lynch says that he fired several shots and that he ran away because he could not do anything for the rest and might lose his own life.

After McClure's murder the whole country was aroused. At West Newton, as a freight train arrived from McKeesport, Constable Campbell instituted a search, and in an oil car found four men secreted. They had crawled over the top, and in the same car was found two revolvers, a brace and a bit, fuse and augers, all new. A handkerchief stained with blood was found also. The men were placed in the lock-up. As the train started the brakeman reported another man in the car, who escaped. The men were locked up in the McKeesport jail. There were fears at first that they would be lynched. The names of the suspected murderers are Jack Vasey, Jack Lee, McConkey, Carroll, John Lightner, Heenan Lightner and a man called "Shorty." Two parties answering the description of "Nig" Lee and Heenan Lightner, were arrested at Hyndman, Pa. Threats of lynching are still freely expressed at McKeesport.

The report that the desperadoes had fired on the citizens of Ellrod for refusing them food was a hoax, circulated by the wives and relatives of the murderers, in order to throw the pursuers off the track and give the fugitives a chance to escape. It is now thought that "Nig" Lee, whose father lives at a place known as Smithfield, or Brownsville, half way between Morgantown and Uniontown, at the foot of the Cheat Mountains, has gone to his father's place, as he was implicated in a store robbery in McKeesport about a year ago, and went up there for six months, and when he came back to McKeesport was let go unharmed. A man who saw Lee recently said he had in his possession \$700 and two revolvers. Two men supposed to be Lightner and one of the others are under arrest at Hyndman in the Allegheny Mountains.

Detectives and vigilantes are hunting through the mountain fastnesses in three counties. Nothing like the excitement over the mountain was ever known.

IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

[With Portrait.]

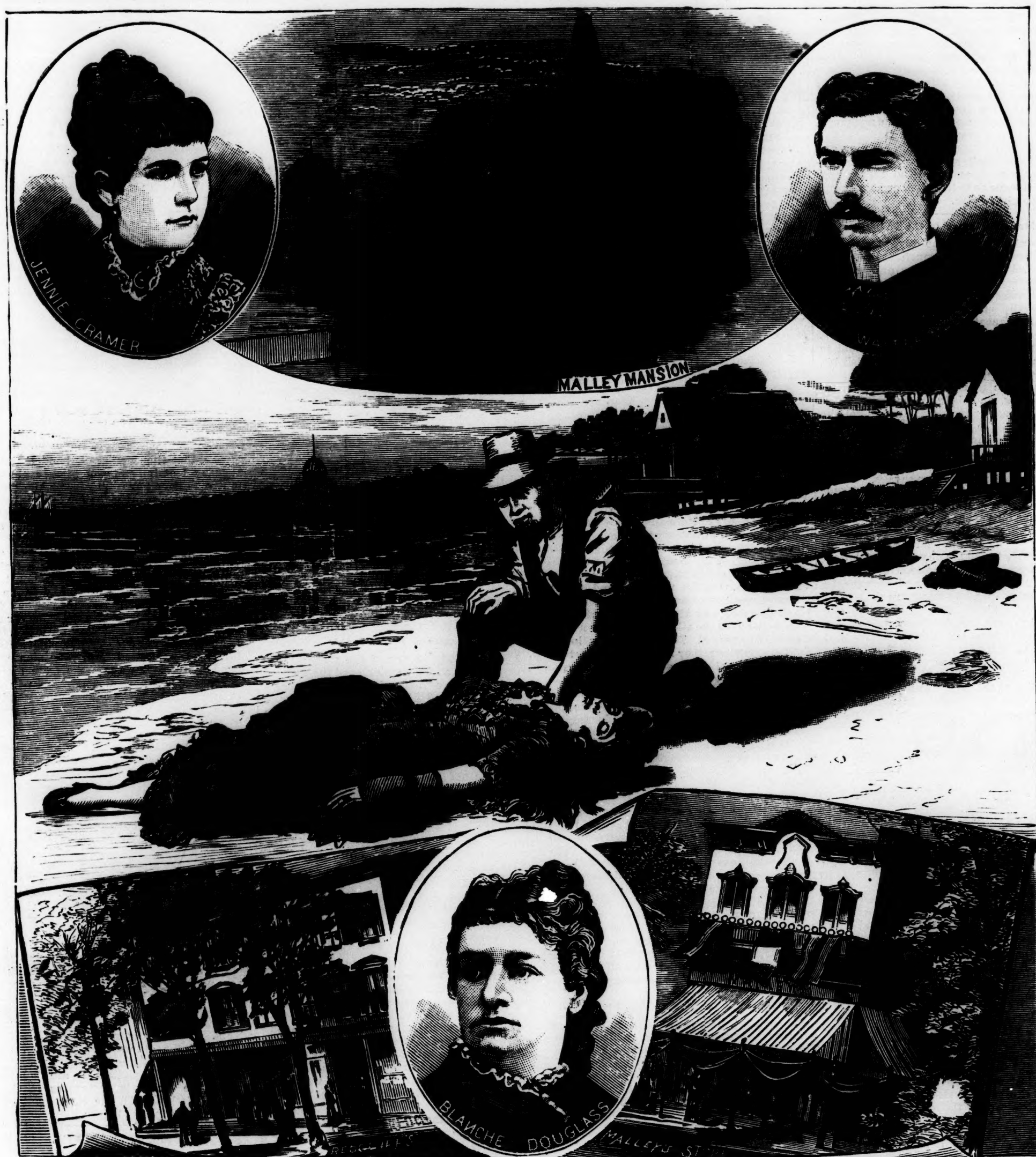
Ned Lyons, the celebrated burglar and wife of Sophie Lyons, the blackmailer, was shot at Windham, Conn., a short time ago, while attempting a burglary. He seems to be ball-proof. He was twice shot in this city six months ago by Brock, a saloon keeper. One shot shattered the jaw so that he couldn't speak for weeks. Another entered his chest and is still there. The coroner called on him to take his dying statement. He refused to make it, saying he would be damned if he'd die.

In this last adventure he has been riddled with buck-shot in the neck and body. The physicians say he can't live; again he says he won't die. Perhaps his determined pluck will carry him through.

He is the only Scotch professional criminal of note in this country. His predecessor, who was of some note as a burglar (Johnny Miller), like himself, was born in Greenock, Scotland, and can point to many "Brither Scots abroad," but they will hardly acknowledge Johnny Miller and Ned Lyons.

Lyons has many moneyed and influential friends in the city for the reason that he keeps a strict guard over his tongue. No secret can be extorted from him by police officials. He is, in other words, a sound, reliable man to work with as a criminal. And that is why he is, and why Johnny Miller was, so dangerous as "professionals" to the community.

There are few really Scotch professional criminals in this country, but when we get them they make their mark and give the police considerable work to get hold of them.



JENNIE CRAMER'S MYSTERIOUS DEATH AT SAVIN ROCK, NEW HAVEN.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE STRANGE TRAGEDY—PORTRAITS OF PARTIES IMPLICATED IN THE AFFAIR.
(Sketched From Life by Special Police Gazette Artist.)



"REDDY" VASEY.



"BIG" LEE.



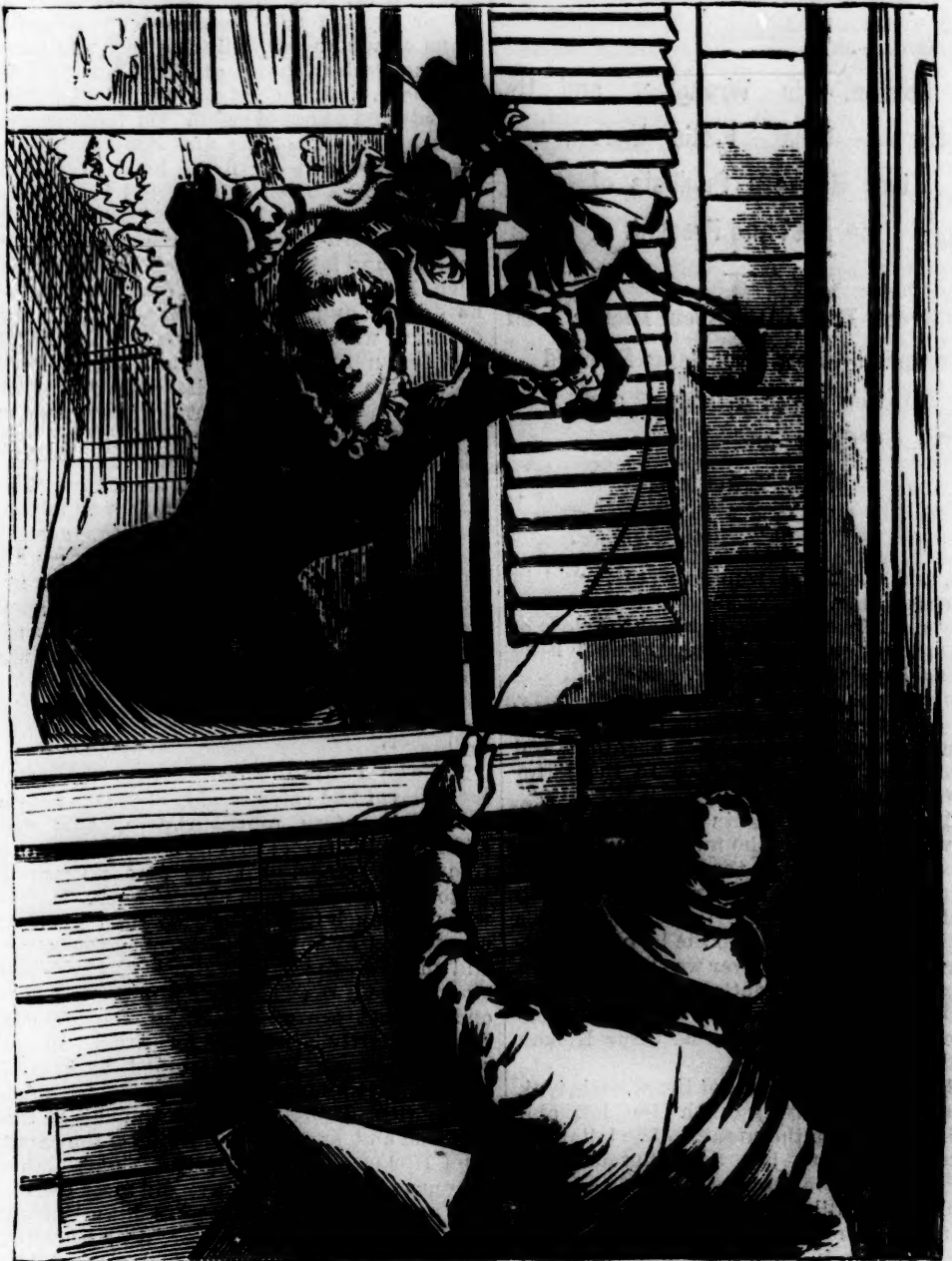
"HEENAN" LIGHTNER.

THE MURDERERS OF HENDRICKSON McCLURE AT McKEESPORT, PA.



DANCING VS. PREACHING.

TWO COW-BOYS ENTER A CHURCH AND MAKE THE PARSON DANCE A JIG IN THE PULPIT; CHARLESTOWN, TEXAS.



SNATCHED HER BALD-HEADED.

THE HORRIBLE ACCIDENT THAT BEFEL A HANDSOME YOUNG LADY AT THE CLAWS OF AN ORGAN GRINDER'S MONKEY; NEW YORK CITY.



EXPONENTS OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

TWO GIDDY DAMSELS DISTINGUISH THEMSELVES BY HAVING GOOD SMOKE ON THE BACK PLATFORM OF A SIXTH AVENUE CAR; NEW YORK CITY.



MADE TO APOLOGIZE

A BUFFIAN INSULTS A YOUNG LADY, AND IS MADE TO APOLOGIZE BY LICKING THE SOLES OF HER SHOES; WICHITA, KAN.

AMERICAN PRIZE RING

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its
Heroes—Great Fistic Encoun-
ters Between Pugilists of
the Past and Present.

The Great Battle Between Hicken and
Campbell—How the Gang Stopped
Hicken From Winning, and
Pistols and Knives
Were Trumps.

8, 9, and 10. These rounds were fought in very quick time, but few blows being given in either and Hicken being down at the close of each, though he had the best of what little effectual hitting there was. Campbell was pursuing tactics which precisely suited Harry, as it gave him an opportunity to perform on Bryan without hunting after openings, and was proving more exhaustive to the latter than to himself.

11. Hit and come again was the order in this, which was one of the most determinedly-contested rounds of the battle, the men fighting all over the ring and each investing repeatedly and heavily, though the lion's share of punishment fell to the lot of the coal-miner, whose snuff-receiver was tapped again and again, and his left optic effectually visited. He got in several body-blows and a light one on the neck, and in the close he threw Hicken near the ropes.

12. Hicken, who was first at the scratch, took the initiative, essaying with the left and catching Bryan on the mouth. The latter attempted to retaliate, but, as he put down his head, he caught a straightener on the nose and fell short. Riled at this, Campbell dashed in, landing a round-armed hit and getting another sogger in the middle of the head before he caught and threw Harry.

13. They came to the centre together, and, after a short spar, Campbell led, hitting Hicken on the body and getting the double on the head. Another sparring spell ended by Hicken receiving a hit on the breast, for which he tickled Bryan on the nose once more, turning on the tap again. More sparring formed a prelude to a spirited rally, at the close of which Hicken went down.

14 and 15. The fourteenth was so brief as not to require special description, a sudden rush being made by the Irishman, and each planting a single hit, when Hicken was forced onto his knees. The next was far different, being marked by a series of exchanges so rapid that no count could be kept of them, and each receiving his share of the punishment, Hicken ultimately seeking the bosom of Mother Earth in Bryan's corner.

16. Campbell, still forcing the pace, kept on the go, unmindful of the ugly "tumps" he received on the face, besides a couple of raspers on the body. He got in some pretty good ones, and finally Hicken fell in front of the referee.

17 to 19. So similar in character were these that in describing one we tell the story of all. Campbell, though slower to commence operations than usual, offered first in each, aiming solely at the body and compelling Hicken to fall back before his rush, though in so doing Harry invariably found a resting-place for his left duke, and frequently for both hands, on the frontpiece of his opponent. Occasionally Bryan would land a stinger on the bulwarks which would resound around the ring, but generally there was less force in his hits than in those of the blonde Englishman. Blood was repeatedly brought from the miner's scenter, now out of all shape, and other parts of his face came in for their share of hard raps. In the seventeenth Hicken went down from a slip in his own corner; in the next he was forced down in Campbell's; and in the nineteenth Bryan, after releasing himself from a neck-lock, struck Harry after he fell in front of the referee. Foul was claimed by O'Baldwin, but the referee ordered them to fight on, after cautioning Campbell.

20 and 21. In the first, Hicken, whose face was unmarked, though a couple of scratches appeared on his neck and his body was flushed here and there, took the inaugural, administering a telling blow on the nasal organ with the left, and, jumping back from the return, smiled and nodded his head at Bryan, who grinned good-humoredly. The latter then went for hunk, and rapped Hicken soundly on the breast with the left, but was countered heavily on the nose and eye. Campbell then bored in, clinched and threw the Philadelphian. After a few moments passed in sparring, Bryan shot out his left, but it alighted on Harry's right arm, Hicken retaliating shortly afterward by a stinging blow on the left ear, which caused the receiver to take a step or two backward. Quickly recovering, the Irishman let drive with the right at the body, which took effect, and Hicken, after

propping him twice while on the retreat, went down rather suspiciously.

22 and 23. The digger for coals came up rather slowly for the twenty-second, showing signs of weakness, while his face was much swollen, with a couple of cuts showing here and there, and the red current trickled from his battered organ of smell. On the contrary, Hicken showed not the first symptom of distress, his step being firm, head erect, face perfectly free from injury, and barring the few scratches on his body he did not appear in the least hurt. After a minute or so spent in sparring and feinting, Campbell made another rush, Hicken's left passing over his head as he ducked, and after an exchange at half-arm distance, which did no damage, Hicken fell and Bryan tumbled over him. The seconds of Campbell put in a claim of foul, and the referee was hustled about by both parties, one claiming and the other denying foul. Sedons refused to allow the claim, merely cautioning Hicken not to repeat the action. The time consumed in this wrangle was advantageous to Bryan, who was at the scratch about as soon as Harry in the next round. In this they got together at once, Hicken assuming the offensive, and planting a good 'un on the face. Bryan was short in his attempt to counter, but managed to reach the body in a second effort, being repaid therefor by another ruby-distilling shot on the nose; a rush and Hicken went down, with Bryan on top.

24. The betting, which before the commencement had ruled at odds of \$100 to \$80 on the Quaker City representative, was still slightly in his favor; that is, offers to bet were frequently made, but we saw no money wagered while the men were at work. Harry, who was much fresher-looking than his *vis a vis*, stepped over the line to meet the latter, and quickly offered with the left, which was stopped ere it reached its destination. A second attempt proved successful, the left eye being smartly visited. As usual, Bryan plunged in as Hicken jumped back, and effected a lodgment for a good right-hander on the ribs, receiving a plunging hit on the forehead and another on the side of the caput from Hicken's dexter mawley. Quick fighting ensued, in which Harry did most execution, and in the close both were down, side by side, locked in a close embrace near Hicken's corner. Just as O'Baldwin had carried his charge to his corner and was stooping over him, Geoghegan and Riley, Campbell's seconds, struck him, while Johnny Murphy, who had been a warm partisan of Bryan, ran across the ring and struck Ned a blow on the head with the butt-end of a revolver, knocking him down. He was kicked in the head several times while he lay prostrate, half a dozen severe scalp wounds being inflicted. The ring was broken in, and a general row seeming imminent; those who didn't wish to take part in it stampeded. Hicken was forced out of the ring, but immediately got back, aware of the penalty entailed by voluntary absence.

The crowd recovered from their momentary scare and returned quickly to the ring-side, where they found Hicken in the act of putting on his clothes, but Campbell, his seconds and the referee were nowhere to be seen. Harry was very much excited, and while expressing indignation at the outrage which had been committed, declared his intention to claim the stakes, to which he thought he was entitled. The sympathy of nearly all, including some who had formerly been partisans of his antagonist, were plainly with him, those who had broken up the fight by attacking his second and causing the ropes and stakes to be disturbed being bitterly denounced, while the course of the referee and Campbell in leaving the ring was commented upon in anything but complimentary terms. Nothing was to be done now but look up Sedons and learn what his intentions were; accordingly the crowd wended their way back to the station, uttering maledictions on the heads of the offending parties as they went. Arriving there, diligent search was made by Colbert and others for the referee, but without avail, and it was afterwards learned that he had proceeded at once to Steubenville in company with Campbell and his brothers, Geoghegan, Riley, and one or two others. This made matters look still more dubious, and the opinion was freely expressed that the whole thing was a put-up job, arranged for the purpose of either saving Campbell's money or ousting Hicken out of his share. We have refrained from adding our customary remarks, for the battle does not require it—the rounds tell the story of Hicken's superiority in every respect. Campbell was without science, was not as enduring as had been believed, and his style of fighting lays him constantly open to a skilled antagonist. With a man of equal ability he would doubtless make a hard fight, but he is not a match for a boxer like Hicken. The time occupied by the fight, as given by the referee, was one hour and five minutes. Bryan was badly punished about the face, while Harry came off without a mark on the dial, though the skin was broken by a rasping hit on the neck and a few bruises appeared on the body. Both sides claimed the stakes, but the referee refused to give a decision until after his arrival in New York, when he decided that Campbell had won, upon the ground that Hicken had left the ring without his permission.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ECCENTRIC TANTRUMS.

MAJOR GOSSITT had been a widower only 3 months at Chattanooga before he was sued for breach of promise to marry.

A SAN FRANCISCO trick is to neatly cover a good silver coin with tin foil and induce an expert to bet it is a counterfeit.

A CHINAMAN killed himself at Pawtucket three years ago, and his devoted brother has just killed and burned a chicken and also a good shirt upon his grave, because the dead man was hungry and short of clothes, he said.

THE Rev. George W. Williams, a member of the Ohio Legislature, is a negro. A year ago he was suing a Columbus hotel for refusing to board him on account of his color. Now a Columbus hotel-keeper is suing Williams for refusing to pay his board.

A TRAMP, name unknown, went to sleep in an empty water tank on the train from Los Angeles, intending to deadhead his way to Yuma. The tank was filled in the night, and the presence of the man was not discovered until the train reached Yuma, when his drowned body was found in the water.

A CONVICT in the Missouri penitentiary studied the conduct of the Catholic chaplain so closely that, on escaping from the prison, he was able to make the Catholic clergy of Halifax believe he was a priest. In that character he stole \$400 from a woman who went to him for confession. He is now back in a cell.

A METHODIST minister at London, Ontario, complains because, after going three times to perform a twice postponed marriage ceremony, and finally tying the knot, he received the following note from the bridegroom: "I hope you will excuse me, but I will give you five dollars as soon as I get a job. I am out of work now."

"THE" ALLEN was married on Sunday evening, in Jersey City, to a young lady of Lexington avenue, named Ella A. Glover. She is worth in her own right \$442,000, left her by her father, and is 23 years of age. The first wife of Allen obtained a divorce from him some months ago. He also obtained a divorce in Indiana.

AN enterprising but impecunious Philadelphian borrowed money enough to furnish an office and hang out a sign: "Franklin Protective Association." Then he went to work among the negroes, telling them of imaginary benefits to be obtained in the future by joining his society and now he has an income of \$125 a week from members' dues.

BOB HUMPHREYS, of St. Louis, is a peculiar rope manufacturer. He makes nothing but nooses for hangmen. Orders are sent to him by sheriffs all over the Western and Southern States. He twists the rope very carefully of the best hemp and tests its strength by letting two horses pull it. The noose, with its intricate hangman's knot, is made smooth with soap and pliable with oil. The price is six dollars apiece.

A UNION College professor went on a trip to Iowa. While driving there with a farmer for a companion they came to a deep stream. The professor swam across and the farmer was drowned; but the college man's escape was not altogether pleasantly effected, for he had stripped himself for the swim, his clothes were swept away with the wagon and he had to walk several miles, dodging women on the way, before he could get any covering.

A KENTUCKY mob mistook Mr. Verdun for a murderer whom they wished to hang, and Mr. Verdun mistook the lynchers for highwaymen. The consequence was a desperate fight and pursuit. Mr. Verdun stopped whipping his horses occasionally to fire a wild shot back at the chasers, while they perforated the top of his carriage with bullets. He was at length overtaken, and then the mutual blunder was forgiven with drinks all around.

NEAR Florence, Muscogee county, Ga., two negro women had a goose stolen from them, and suspecting a negro woman who lived near them they went to her and demanded the goose, when she denied having taken it, but the sisters would not be convinced, and beat her unmercifully. Upon releasing her, she procured a razor and fell upon the sisters, cutting them in many places, killing one outright and mortally wounding the other.

THE wife of a municipal officer died at Henderson, Ky., and her husband left the last offices prior to interment to two of her friends. After the coffin had been partly fastened, he could not resist taking one more look. He discovered that the jewelry which he intended to be buried on her was gone. That was two years ago. He said nothing, and lately detected one of the friends wearing the articles. He said to her: "I give you three days to leave town," and she went.

THE body of a man was fished out of the Miami Canal recently and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict to the effect that he died of heart disease. His remains were claimed, by a middle-aged maiden who wept profusely as she made the application. "But you haven't seen the body," protested the undertaker. "Well, it don't matter; I know it's him," she replied, wiping the moisture from her eye-

glasses, "he died of heart disease and I allus said his love of me would kill him."

A WOMAN in a Philadelphia suburb professes to practice the black art. She is in trouble through conduct which may be justly charged as unprofessional. She took \$16 from Mrs. Waller in payment for casting a spell over Mr. Vile, and did the work so satisfactorily that he and his horse and cow simultaneously fell ill; but when Mr. Vile offered her \$25 to remove the witchery she accepted the money and undid all that Mrs. Waller had paid her for doing. The exposure of her double dealing is likely to ruin her business.

THE novelty of a woman eloping with her husband was occurred at Greenburgh, N. Y. The heroine is the wife of Gilbert Seymour, who is her third husband. Her second husband, Edward Dunagan, left her about fourteen years ago, and was supposed to have been lost at sea. Nine years ago she became the wife of Seymour, and happiness marked the domestic circle until recently, when Dunagan reappeared upon the scene. On Sunday night the woman renounced her home and fled with the returned husband.

THERE is a gang of thieves and burglars in Cincinnati at the present time who have invented a new scheme which works very successfully. It is called the "servant-girl dodge." A party of burglars select a house to be ransacked and then one of their girls sits on the front step with a thief beside her, while their accomplices are working the house. The presence of the girl disarms the suspicion of the passers, who think spunking is going on there. The "spoonies" also are utilized as watchers, who give the alarm to the cracksmen inside in case of danger.

If we are to have, as the Rev. Annie Oliver desires, a feminine president, of course she will select women for her cabinet. Then the reports of cabinet meetings will be interesting indeed. We shall have telegrams something like this: "There was a cabinet meeting today, at which all the headesses of departments were present. Secretary of State Annie E. Dickinson wore plum-colored silk, real lace and flowers. Secretary of the Treasury Jane G. Swisshelm, black satin, Spanish lace, diamonds, flowers. Attorney General Lockwood, white India mull, Russian lace and cardinal trimmings."

WIDOWER Bellknap was president of the Cincinnati Lodge of Knights of the Pyramid, and the Widow Porter was vice-president. The society aimed at social improvement and under all these circumstances it was natural that the widower and the widow should agree to marry. Bellknap is a dentist and he made the finest possible set of teeth for Mrs. Porter, so that she might look her best as a bride. His daughter lent her \$400 worth of diamonds to further beautify her for the wedding. But when she had been thus embellished she ran away with the teeth and jewels and the police have not been able to find her.

A MASSACHUSETTS wife finds herself divorced without knowing it. Her husband, a physician in good standing in Cambridge and Hudson, filed a libel for divorce from her on the ground of desertion, gross and confirmed habits of intoxication and cruelty of such a nature as to endanger his life, limbs and health; that in the April term of the Supreme Court at Cambridge he alleged that her whereabouts were unknown to him and that after a hearing he was granted a divorce by Judge Devens. It appears that the whole thing was a put-up job on the husband's part and he is in a fair way of having a lively time of it.

THE records of suicide do not often contain such evidences of disregard of physical suffering as was shown by a woman named Coyne, who lived near Manchester, England. This woman, who had passed the middle age, poured paraffine oil over her head, and when it had run down upon and saturated her clothing she set fire to it. The injuries she sustained resulted in her death in a very few minutes. This case has only been equalled in recent times by a Gloucester gentleman, who built a funeral pyre in the yard of his house, and, having set fire to it, mounted to the top and there awaited his end, which soon came.

A DESERTED Parisian damsel has just secured an original and ample revenge upon her faithless lover. Hearing that Alphonse had been beguiled by the seductive charms of a large wedding portion held out to him by the parents of another young lady who was anxious to marry him, Blanche rose to the occasion and on the eve of the betrothal, while the affianced pair were feasting and making merry, she sent a letter to the bride-elect announcing that she had poisoned all the food which furnished forth the banquet. This grim statement was read aloud at the table and naturally caused a general panic. The fiancee and her mother were carried out in hysterics and doctors were summoned from far and near. One of the dishes was analyzed and found to contain no trace of poison, and after further experiments the company realized that they had been made the victims of a practical joke. But Blanche had her revenge, for love could not flourish in the shadow of a stomach pump, and the engagement was promptly broken. It is not announced whether Alphonse will return to his old love or whether he will be welcomed if he does.

THE BEAU OF THE BALLET.

A Chorus Singer in a Comic Opera Who Claims to Have "Made a Mash" of the Belle of St. Louis—The Man Mauled Unmercifully by the Lady's Lover and Brother—Their Explanation of the Affair.

Good society in St. Louis—that part of it left there during the dog-days—is being regaled with a dreadful scandal. One of the chief actors is John Amweg, of the Ford opera company, now singing at Uhrig's cave, the summer evening resort at the West End. It appears, according to his story, that three weeks since a young lady of great beauty occupied a front seat at the cave and seemed to take an interest only in the proceedings when he was on the stage. She looked at him fixedly and smilingly, he says, until at last his attention was drawn to her and one evening (it will be remembered that all of this is Amweg's story) she took the bouquet from her breast, kissed it and by moving it about attracted his attention to it. Then, with a smile, she placed it under the seat upon which she was sitting. As soon as the curtain dropped Amweg hastened to the place and secured the flowers, among which was a note, and then asked a friend who the lady was.

"Miss Nellie Hazeltine," was the reply.

"And who is she?"

"The belle of St. Louis."

An interview was arranged, in the course of which, Amweg says, the lady told him she had received ninety-nine offers of marriage, one of them from an old man in New York worth \$50,000,000; that he was a Democrat (meaning Tilden) and she was a Democrat, but that she could not marry where she did not love. He says that she went on to tell him that he, Amweg, was the only gentleman who had touched her heart. Amweg says that he replied that he hadn't a \$5 bill in the world and that he would just as soon settle in St. Louis as anywhere. Several notes, he alleges, passed between them and two photographs, upon the back of one of which was written: "Yours till death us do part, Nellie."

Naturally all this good fortune, real or alleged, turned Amweg's head and he confided the matter to two or three dozen friends besides writing to his mother that he was going to get married, and sending her one of the letters which he claims to have received. Of course the story spread. Last Monday night Miss Hazeltine and her mother left for the White Sulphur Springs, in Virginia, where they now are. The Hazeltines are proud people and revolve in the top circle. Some one repeated Amweg's awful allegations to Will Hazeltine. His blood was fired and he called into consultation Fred Paramour, the son of the railroad magnate. Mr. Paramour, it is understood, had a right to act in the matter, having been very attentive to Miss Hazeltine. The other evening the opera singer found himself in a room with Paramour, Hazeltine and a mutual friend named Lynn. Amweg says a paper was produced which they insisted upon his signing, this being a retraction of what he had said regarding Miss Hazeltine. He refused and defied them to come out one at a time, as the Irishman did the comets. But after further parleying and threatening they sailed in, and pummeled him badly. He says they knocked him down and beat him terribly, Hazeltine using a whip, raising several large bumps and beating his face and jaw badly. For several minutes they kept up this performance and Amweg defended himself with as much pluck and nerve as he was capable of under the circumstances. Amweg states that young Hazeltine drew a revolver and said:

"I have a mind to shoot you like a dog," when Mr. Lynn or one of the others said: "Put up your pistol; he is not worth shooting."

Finally Amweg signed an order giving the others access to his baggage at his boarding-house and one of them went off and got the photographs and notes. They then told Amweg that the laundry maid in the Hazeltine mansion had been carrying on a masquerade with him under the name of her young mistress. This Amweg refuses to admit and with an aching head insists that it was the belle of St. Louis who fell in love with him. The scandal leaked out the other evening and Mr. Paramour makes himself the gallant champion of the young lady by issuing a long manifesto to whom it may concern, declaring that Amweg's flirtee is the laundry maid; but all the town talks. Amweg belongs to a highly respected Philadelphia family and his father is a well-known lawyer there. His brother holds a very responsible position with the Pennsylvania railroad, being inspector of bridges on that line. For three years young Amweg has been on the stage, having first been connected with Frank Mayo, playing an inferior part in "Davy Crockett." Since that he has been singing in the chorus of Ford's Opera Company and has been connected with the various "Pinafore," "Fatinitza," "Boccaccio," "Billie Taylor" and "Olivette" productions. His family have made numerous efforts to wean him from the stage.

THE CUNNING WIDOW.

"A bewildering young widow at our house in the Catskills," writes Clara Bell, "is raising

Ned among the fellows, and putting the noses of the maidens quite out of joint. She dresses exquisitely in second mourning. This delicious and audacious widow is noted for the costliness and variety of her hose. Debarred by her half-mourning from wearing bright colors outside, she gets even with fashion by sticking out feet that fairly dazzle the vision; and her feet are so small and fine that she can well afford to draw attention to them. She can do so without impropriety, too, for skirts are short, and the now re-established bustle tends to disseminate information as to what women walk on. The widow indulges in the newest freak of wearing a stocking of one color on one foot and a contrasting one on the other—for instance, a pale blue stocking on the right and a gold color on the left. This may not be artistic, but it serves to excite surprise. In this particular instance, besides drawing the eyes of the men, it horrifies the simpering old maid who is the antithesis and aversion of the widow—a faded wizen thing of thirty, with the giggles of fifteen, and more affectation than the law ought to allow. One example of her doings will suffice. She says that the nasal tones of the natives lead her astray from nice articulation, and, therefore, she pitches her voice correctly, once in a while, by means of a tuning fork. She amuses us. So does the widow with her pranks. She went with a stage load to see Haine's Falls. It had come to her ears that the fellows, pleased with her feet and ankles as they had been shown at the hotel, anticipated a more comprehensive view when she should go down the open stairway at the falls. Well, when the time came, and by a preconcerted plan she was made to descend the stairs behind all the rest, what do you suppose those fellows saw? About four inches of plain white cotton stockings above her garters, and then the frills of an old-fashioned, all-obscuring pair of pantallets!

A GREAT CHIEF DEAD.

[With Portrait.]

A dispatch from Pine Ridge Agency, Neb., gives tidings of the death of Spotted Tail, the celebrated Sioux chieftain, by the murderous hand of Crow Dog. Probably the event will be justly esteemed by but few white Americans, yet the history of the Sioux nation, if it is ever faithfully written, will assign a prominent place to the greatness of this departed brave. In time of peace the influence of Spotted Tail over all the tribes that were kindred to his own was absolute and unrivalled and Sitting Bull alone, after the hatchet was dug up, was capable of causing his authority to be evaded. After the treaty with Gen. Harney in 1868 the voice of Spotted Tail was always for peace and despite innumerable provocations he remained friendly to the white man. In this respect his conduct contrasted as nobly as did his character with that of Red Cloud who, prior to 1875, surpassed him in popularity. He was never double-faced. His public and private councils were the same. He met the white man with candor and courtesy, displaying a depth and breadth of intellect that are seldom looked for in a savage chieftain. His bearing was truly majestic, as his person was noble and handsome.

The official account of his death is as follows: About noon on the 25th of July Spotted Tail reported at the Agency's office to receive instructions regarding his contemplated visit to Washington, he having been selected as one of the representatives of the Sioux nation at the coming conference at the National capital. He was urged to start at once, as a letter from the Indian Office directed him to report to Agent Andrews at Yankton Agency no later than the 8th inst., as the delegation from the Pine Ridge Agency was expected to reach Rosebud Agency on the evening of the 5th. Spotted Tail concluded to wait till the next morning and go with the Red Cloud delegates to Yankton Agency. This arrangement having been determined upon Spotted Tail desired to have a talk with his people that afternoon and receive an expression of their views upon subjects to come before the conference.

Bidding Lelar good-bye and saying that he would call in the evening to receive any further instructions there might be, Spotted Tail left for the Indian village to confer with his people. An interview was held with the Indians. They had a big talk and a feast and the council broke up. Spotted Tail mounted his horse and started homeward. The Indians were scattering in all directions, with the noted chief somewhat in advance of the others, he being first out of the lodge. After leaving the council lodge Crow Dog was seen approaching Spotted Tail. He had his wife with him. He got out of the wagon and was stooping down when Spotted Tail rode up to him. He suddenly rose up and shot Spotted Tail through the left breast. The chief fell from his horse, but rose to his feet and made three or four steps toward Crow Dog, endeavoring to draw his pistol. He then reeled and fell backward, dead. Crow Dog jumped into his wagon and drove off at full speed toward his camp, some nine miles distant. The acting agent at once issued orders for the arrest of Crow Dog, under a paragraph in the treaty of 1868, which renders him amenable to the white man's laws. In compliance with these orders the Indian police accomplished the arrest of Crow Dog, and he was sent to Fort Niobrara to await trial for murder.

BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE.

How She Was Charmed by the Glitter of Gold, and Her Husband Led to a Prison Cell—"Diamond Joe" Asked to Put Up Ten Thousand Dollars.

[With Portrait.]

Joseph Reynolds, otherwise known as "Diamond Joe," the famous millionaire of the "Diamond Joe dispatch line," appears to be in trouble. Having arrived in Chicago recently on a business engagement, he visited the law office of A. B. Jenks at 79 Clark street. While there he was confronted by a special deputy sheriff with a summons to appear in the Supreme Court of Cook county in answer to Charles R. Persons, etc., on the plea of trespass to the damage of the said Persons in the sum of \$10,000. The summons contains a bare hint of the nature of the action, which is for the seduction of Person's wife, and damage to Persons' character and interest. The history of the case dates from 1877 and 1878, but the present action was instituted on the 1st of the present month. As the defendant has been out of town until now, however, it was not possible to serve the summons before. The plaintiff's declaration has not as yet been prepared, but will be filed in due time. The high standing of the attorneys for the prosecution relieves the matter of any suspicion of blackmail or other crookedness. Such information as it has been possible to obtain is set forth in the following account of the case: Charles R. Persons, the plaintiff, is a mechanic, who, several years ago, was comfortably situated in Chicago, in full enjoyment of the comforts of a cozy home and a pretty wife. Indeed, Mrs. Persons' beauty was not only a source of pride to her husband, but attracted the attention of all with whom she came in contact.

She was young, petite, not above 22 or 23 and a dazzling brunette. All went well until one day when she came, by chance, under the gaze of the railroad magnate, who is the defendant in the suit. The great man was "struck" out of all time and reason. He immediately sought her acquaintance, and, having met her, straightway began to shower diamonds and every sort of elegant attentions upon her. If the little lady was pretty, she proved also to be fickle. She was not proof against the rich man's gifts, but smiled upon him in a way not becoming the wife of a respectable man. An unhappy home and an indignant husband were evidences which soon followed, showing that things were not as they should be. Protests and threats were of no avail, however. "Diamond Joe" was importunate in his attentions and lavish in his gifts, and Mrs. Persons continued to be giddy. He was smitten beyond recall, and her vanity made her an easy prey. Persons was human, if he was respectable, but he went the way of all weak flesh, and took to drink to drown the consciousness of his troubles. He went from bad to worse, as his wife continued under her unhappy infatuation, until finally he stole something and was sent to Joliet for a year's repentance. This was an opportunity for the guilty pair. Soon the "injured" wife appeared in court praying for a divorce from her depraved husband, now become a convict. It is pretty freely alleged that the magnate's money backed the woman's suit and helped it to a successful issue. The divorce was granted, and Mrs. Persons was free at the disposal of her rich admirer. From this time the two lived together in open abandonment. An illegitimate child was born, and its author, in a rush of sentiment, permitted it to be named after him. The child is said to be still alive and living in seclusion in the South at the expense of its father. Meanwhile Persons languished in jail and nursed his wrongs. When his release came in November last, and the unhappy man was free, he found that "Diamond Joe" had tired of his plaything and had turned her away from him with a miserly settlement. It is said that, when the woman's charms began to pall upon him, he sought the aid of a notorious criminal lawyer in that city to free him from the incubance. This eminent man of law turned the case over to A. B. Jenks.

A TERRIBLE BLUNDER.

How a Jealous Wife Set a Trap to Catch Her Husband, and Caught Herself.

On Fourth street, Williamsport, Pa., in an aristocratic neighborhood, lives in one of the most attractive residences a man and his wife, who, so far as all outward appearances are concerned are as happy as clams. A union of twelve years has never blessed the marital relation with offspring, yet they have acted more like lovers than people who have been married a dozen years. The wife, for some reason, became jealous of her husband, and the cause of the "green-eyed monster" entering her bosom was a comely servant girl who has been employed in the family for the past two years. The incident which we are relating occurred about six weeks ago and is only known to a very few people in Williamsport. The wife determined to test the constancy of her husband. For that purpose she told her husband one evening at supper that she intended sitting up that night with a sick lady neighbor.

When the husband was down town, the wife complained of being ill, and finally told the servant girl she would have to take her place at the bedside of the sick woman that night as she was really too ill to sit up as a nurse. The wife retired to bed about ten o'clock, but instead of occupying her room, repaired to that of the servant girl. She had scarcely disrobed herself and climbed into bed when, as she supposed, her husband entered, undressed and laid down beside her. The woman noticed a lack of familiarity in the voice of her bed-partner, but attributed it to the mystery of the surroundings, and so strange were her feelings as she thought of the perfidy of her husband that she scarcely made a note of anything. After remaining in bed for about half an hour the wife determined to have a denouement that should be severely tragical, and which she hoped would forever cure her gay Lothario of a husband. For this purpose she arose from her bed, lit the gas, and then advanced toward her husband to charge him with his infidelity. Holy horror of horrors! The man in bed was not her husband at all. The wife recognized him at a glance as a lover of the servant girl, and then she gave a piercing shriek that awakened the entire neighborhood, went off into a swoon, from which she did not recover for a long while, when she found her husband standing over her with a lamp in his hand and eagerly inquiring what was the matter. It took the wife a long while to make up her mind to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, but she did finally inform her husband of the entire affair from the first commencement of her suspicions of his disloyalty. And now there is a skeleton in the closet of this household.

A TEARFUL FIGHTER.

The Champion Middle-Weight of Arizona in a Predicament.

A small, well-built man, with sun-browned face and attired in a suit of jeans, was escorted to the central station in San Francisco by Officers Scudder and Jacoby last week. He was somewhat unsteady on his legs and clung to the officers for support. When brought to the station-keeper's desk he exclaimed:

"Mary, save me!" and burst into tears.

"What's your name?" asked the keeper.

A groan and more tears came from the prisoner and the officers then searched him for valuables, as he was drunk and unable to take care of himself. He submitted quietly to the search until one of the officers drew from one of his pockets a package of letters and when the prisoner caught sight of them his energies, which a moment before were drooping, were suddenly aroused and in a moment he changed from a limp, helpless inebriate to a desperate man and exclaimed: "Don't you touch them, them's mine; give 'em to me," and he made a spring for them but was restrained by a couple of officers who were standing by. The prisoner then struck an attitude and offered to fight the whole crowd, at the same time making a pass at one of the officers and so violent did he become that it required the united efforts of half a dozen men to hold him until the search was completed. Finding himself overpowered by force of numbers he started the flow of tears afresh and continued crying after he had been placed in a cell.

The package which had so agitated him was then examined and it was discovered that it was made up of a number of letters of introduction addressed to prominent sporting men in that city. One of these, directed to a well-known boxer, was as follows:

"DEAR FRIEND: The bearer of this, John Skipper, is the champion middle-weight man of Arizona. He has fought seven battles in this section of the country and has got away with all of them. He visits your city to see if he can find some good boxer who would like to put the gloves on with him for anything from \$50 up to \$1,000. Any courtesy extended will be appreciated.

"TOMBSTONE, A. T., July 23, 1881."

"What are you crying about and what were you making such a fuss about a while ago?" asked the keeper after the prisoner had been placed behind the bar.

"Cry?" said he, "it's enough to make any fellow cry."

"Why?"

"Read them letters, did you?"

"Yes."

"Now what kind of a duffer d'ye think them boys would take me to be if I showed them letters and they found out that a couple of cops brought me in and I didn't show fight and clean 'em both out? That wouldn't back up my record."

Skipper then had another good cry and asked at what time the next train left for Arizona, declaring that he couldn't bear to show up where a couple of cops had got away with him without a struggle.

FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

[With Portrait.]

This actress is one of the most famous in the galaxy of Parisian favorites. During her short career on the stage she has advanced rapidly and bids fair to occupy the places once held by Schneider, Aimee and Angele as queens of opera bouffe.



THE DUEL IN THE WATER.



AN IRON-JAWED BUTCHER.

CARRYING A QUARTER OF BEEF FROM HIS WAGON TO HIS SHOP IN HIS TEETH JUST TO SHOW WHAT TOUGH MOLARS HE HAS.



TRIP-HAMMER REVENGE.

THE WAY ONE WORKMAN SERVED ANOTHER—PLACING HIS HAND UNDER A TRIP-HAMMER AND MAIMING HIM FOR LIFE.



MRS. PERSONS,

IMPLICATED WITH "DIAMOND JOE," A FAMOUS MILLIONAIRE, IN A SCANDAL.

Old Enough to Know Better.

The quiet village of Leslie, Mich., is at present all broke up over a first-class scandal. The facts are as follows: Last Thursday night, about 11 o'clock, as Mrs. Britton, wife of John Britton, proprietor of the Holly House, was getting ready to retire, she was surprised and alarmed by the entry of a man into her room with his boots in his hand. The man, whom she knew, was an old sinner, 75 years old, by the name of Ira Winslow, a wealthy resident of the village. She indignantly ordered him from the room. His only reply was that he had had his eye on her for a long time. He then assaulted her. Her screams and the struggle alarmed the household, and her husband, who had been away from home and who arrived home at about this juncture, hurried to her help. The man promised to come around the next morning and fix the matter up, but instead that night he turned all his property over to his son and son-in-law and skipped the country. John C. Shield, attorney for Mrs. Britton, commenced two actions against Winslow—a criminal one for assault and a civil suit for damages.

The Hero of Harlem.

William McKean, better known as "Strawberry Bill," has rescued thirty-six persons from drowning since 1869, the first one being Andrew Cox, who fell off the 119th street dock in January, 1869. Bill was there, and notwithstanding the cold weather and still colder water, he boldly jumped into the river and rescued Andrew from a watery grave.

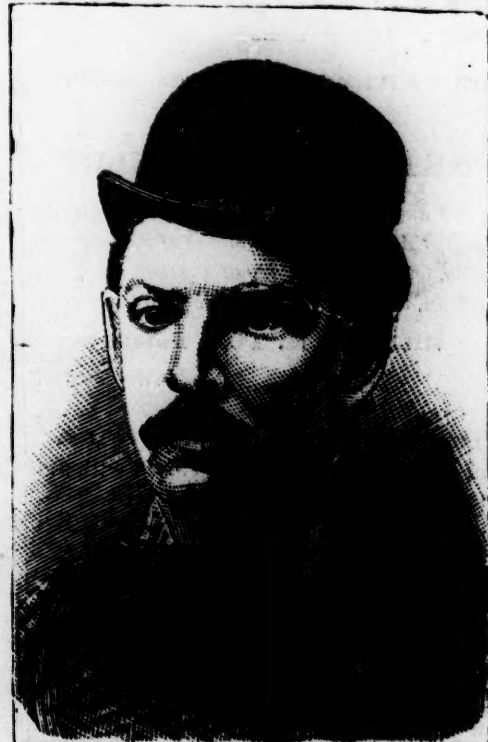
On Christmas, of the same year, he saved Johnny Slate, at 128th street dock; in September,



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

M'LE MONTALINE,

OPERA BOUFFE ARTISTE.



WILLIAM MCKEAN,

A RESIDENT OF HARLEM, WHO HAS RESCUED THIRTY-SIX PERSONS FROM DROWNING.

ber, 1870, Peter Dowling, at 120th street; in December, 1870, Lucy Bowers, at the steamboat dock, 130th street; in June, 1875, Mrs. Klein, at same place; in June, 1879, Charles Murray, at Knickerbocker Ice Co.'s dock; in July, 1880, Peter O'Hare, at 125th street lumber dock; in August, 1880, Mrs. C. Genet and John O'Hare, at Doran's beach. The others were persons who either fell or jumped into the water, but would not give their names to the gallant Bill, some of them even berating him for his interference.

Notwithstanding this great record, Bill has never received any reward for his noble work of life saving, but still makes his living by selling milk, "fresh from his own cow," at High Bridge.

Doran has presented him with a season ticket to the beach, and Bill is there every day during high tide, seemingly waiting and almost anxious for a chance to fish his thirty-seventh client from the water. Bill is the perfect embodiment of energy, perseverance, honesty, good nature and benevolence, and all that he has done has been done from the goodness of his big heart.

A Gay Professor.

The Rev. Wayne S. Walker is the principal of the Philomath College, in Benton county, Oregon. It has been alleged that his charge of that institution has been guilty of several indiscretions of a serious nature. A correspondent writes that instead of unfolding the mysteries of education and storing the minds of his pupils he has been zealously engaged in teaching them the science of hugging and kissing. His actions have scandalized the community, so that steps are being taken to have him removed from his position.



WHY THE PARSON WAS ABSENT FROM SERVICES.

AN EPISODE IN CAMP MEETING EXPERIENCE—THE ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY MADE BY THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS, WHICH EXPLAINED THE REASON THE PARSON WAS LATE FOR PREACHING.

Sporting News

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION

PRESIDENT GARFIELD!

Nos. 199 and 200 of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, containing *Authentic Illustrations of the Garfield Tragedy, with secret history of the life of Chas. J. Guiteau, will be mailed on receipt of 15c.*

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
NEW YORK.

MILTON YOUNG has bought Patti for \$2,000.

THE Epsom Derby of 1883 closed with 243 entries.

It is said Charles Reed has Trickett, the oarsman, under contract.

BOWEN'S Bengal, two years old, by Billet, can be purchased for \$8,000.

CHICAGO still leads in the struggle for the base ball championship pennant.

WM. LOVELL, the famous bookmaker, now owns Drogheda, by Tom Bowling.

THE pacing mare Lucy, record 2:14, was once driven to the plow in Tennessee.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., has organized a racing association with a capital of \$100,000.

WM. IRVING, of this city, has bought Lucy Walker, a winner at Saratoga, for \$1,300.

PLAISTED, the oarsman, has gone into training at the Four-Mile House, Halifax, N. S.

FRED A. PLAISTED, the oarsman, has left for Halifax to train for his race with McKay.

LUKE BLACKBURN, the ex-king of the running turf, is slowly recovering his racing form.

DWYER BROS.'s jockey, McLaughlin, has won more races than any other jockey this season.

HINDOO won the Champion stakes at Long Branch, scoring his fifteenth victory this season.

HOEX, the Boston club swinger, and Gus Hill, the champion, have not yet arranged any match.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for a great pedestrian race at Madison Square Garden for October.

A BET of 5,000 to 400 has recently been taken about the English two-year-old Marden, for the Derby of 1882.

GALE has finished his feat of walking 6,000 quarter miles in 9,000 consecutive periods of ten minutes each.

THE Canada rowing regatta promises to be a grand affair. Wallace Ross will not row in the single-scutt race.

PIEDMONT won the 2:21 class purse at Rochester, N. Y., in three straight heats. Time, 2:20 1/2, 2:19 1/2, 2:17 3/4.

ON August 31 a regatta will be held at Cohoes, on the Hudson, under the auspices of the Cohoes Rowing Association.

ENTRIES for the races of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, at Washington, Sept. 8 and 9, close on the 21st inst.

MADAME LA CHAPPELLE recently walked five miles at Vallejo, Cal., it is said, in 46m. 30s., when she beat two other pedestrianes.

JOHN STAIR, Jr., won the first prize in the bicycle race for the championship of Halifax, N. S. He covered seven-eighths of a mile in 3m.

FAWCETT of London, Ont., defeated Bennett of Hamilton, in a five-mile race at the former place on the 23d inst. Fawcett's time was 29m. 38s.

HOSMER is improving rapidly and expects to be on the water again within ten days. He is laying on the Maynard farm at Lancaster, Mass.

THE Pittsburgh Association will give a fall meeting, September 13 to 16, with \$10,000 in purses. It is said that Maud S. will trot there again.

W. J. ROGERS has gone to Tennessee at the instance of Messrs. Dwyer Brothers to bring to the East the high-priced brother of Luke Blackburn.

THE two-mile heats for 2:24 class at Rochester, were won by Amber, Una won first heat in 4 m. 1 s. Amber won the next two in 4:16 1/4, 4:57 3/4.

THE open sculling race for the new challenge cup offered by the proprietors of the London *Sportman* is announced to take place on the Tyne, Sept. 24-26.

AFTER Cornell's defeat on the Thames and their "Waterloo" on the Danube, the directors of Cornell should decorate the boat-house with mourning.

THE rumor that Warren Smith has retired from the aquatic arena is not true, as he is in training at the Halifax Rowing Association quarters on Bedford Basin.

MR. WILLIAM EDWARDS, president of the Cleveland Club at Buffalo, has offered \$15,000 for the Boston trotting mare Florence, but the owner wants \$25,000.

AT Vallejo, Cal., recently, there was a very exciting 5-mile running race between P. Guerra of San Francisco, and the Unknown of Benicia, the latter winning in 33m.

Now Trickett challenges any man in the world to row three miles for \$10,000. The challenge looks like bluster, especially as he names Saratoga Lake for the race.

FOSTER DEWEY's trotting team, Boston and William H. will be entered for the double-team race to take place at Fleetwood next month. It is said they can trot in 2:32.

SULLIVAN, the heavy-weight pugilist, offers to pay Rouse, the Colorado giant's expenses to New York if the latter will fight him four rounds, Queensbury rules, for \$2,000.

TRICKETT beat Wedgewood's Francis Alexander and Driver in the race for the \$3,000 purse in the 2.19

class at Rochester, winning in three straight heats. Time, 2:18 3/4, 2:22, 2:21 1/4.

PHIL THOMPSON, the great 3-year-old, whose 2:21 in the colt race is the best on record for that age, has been sent to Kentucky and will not start again until the Lexington fall meeting.

THE Homeward Driving Park Association, Pittsburg, Pa., promises a fine fall meeting. Sept. 13, 14, 15 and 16 have been set. The managers will give \$10,000 in purses and Maud S. will again trot.

THE wrestlers are preparing for the fall campaign and there will be any number of contests this fall. Of course there will be the usual number of understood matches as well as bona fide affairs.

A SPORTING paper of this city gives publicity to a rumor that McCormick and Dunlap, pitcher and second baseman of Cleveland, will play in Chicago next season. There is no truth in the statement.

JAS. DYER, of Kildorminster, is said to be the coming light-weight pugilist of England. He has posted a forfeit and challenged Jim Carney to fight for £50 or £100 a side and the light-weight championship.

THE swimming match for the long-distance amateur championship of the Thames was won by W. R. Richardson. He swam from a point 200 yards below Putney Bridge to Charing Cross Railway station in 1h. 21m. 33s.

ON September 14 there will be an inter-State canine controversy between Boston and Philadelphia. "Jingo" and "Boxer" are to enter the arena and battle for \$2,000 in stakes and about that amount in side bets.

THE great pacing race at Rochester, N. Y., for a purse of \$2,000, was won by Little Brown Jug in 3 straight heats. Time, 2:15, 2:15, 2:16. Mattie Hunter was second, Bay Billy third, Lucy fourth and Rowdy Boy fifth.

THE time, 19m. 30s., given for the recent scullers' race at Barrie, Ont., in which Gaudaur, Trickett, Jack Hanlan and other parties participated, was unofficial and unquestionably incorrect and therefore cannot go upon record.

MICHAEL DONAHOE, the Brooklyn blacksmith, writes to the *POLICE GAZETTE* that he is ready to wrestle any man in the country for the collar-and-elbow light-weight championship and \$500 a side. This is a chance for Nat Hutchings, of Marlboro, Mass.

RICHARD DORNEY, the ex-pugilist, who now keeps a sporting house in Chicago, offers to produce an unknown to meet John L. Sullivan in a glove contest. Sullivan, with his partner, Billy Madden, is in Chicago, so there may be a prospect for a match.

HANLAN has covered the \$200 forfeit recently posted by Wallace Ross and arranged a single-scutt race with the St. Johns, N. B., oarsman for \$2,000 a side and the single-scutt championship of America. The race will be rowed in October, probably on Toronto Bay.

THE Tobacco City Club, of Lynchburg, Va., will hold a regatta on Sept. 1, open to all amateurs. The prize for the four-oared shell race is a solid silver cup, valued at \$250 with individual prizes for the crew. The prize for single-scuttlers is a silver cup, valued at \$75.

W. C. GEORGE, the English amateur, failed to meet L. E. Myers, the American champion, while the latter was in England, but since the latter left he runs 1,000 yards in 2m. 18s. George's performance beats the record, 2m. 18 4/5s., but beating the record is not beating Myers.

THE Shamrock Lacrosse Club, which lately became champion of the world, will send their renowned club to New York, Boston and Baltimore in the course of two or three weeks to play a series of games. They would like to visit the metropolis of the West if they got an invitation.

THE *Sporting Life*, London, says: "Stiff-Un," of Norwich, alias "Jem Mace's Potboy," called at our office and was sorry not to meet Bos Furze to make a match. To show that he is in earnest, "Stiff-Un" has deposited a "five" which Furze has only to cover to insure a match at 124lbs."

AT Newcastle, Eng., recently, Wm. Thompson and Wm. Shield wrestled best three in five falls for £50. Thompson won the match scoring the first, fourth and fifth falls, while Shield scored the second and third. The wrestling was excellent all through, the struggles being very hard.

WILLIAM MULDOON, the noted wrestler, formerly a member of the Metropolitan Police force, is now in Denver City. Since he left New York on a wrestling tour, he has defeated all who dared meet him in the arena. Colorado sports think him a wonder in the wrestling business.

TRICKETT, the oarsman, now challenges any man in America to row three miles for \$10,000 a side. Many persons will wonder how a third-class oarsman can find backers who will risk such a large sum, while there are several oarsmen who can outrow Trickett and find backers for one-third that sum.

AT Norwich, Conn., recently, in a trotting race between Joseph McCann's horse, of Newark, N. J., and that of James McNamara, of Norwich, McCann's horse, after winning the first heat, ran away, threw McCann upon the track fence, breaking his right arm and several ribs, so that his life is despaired of.

WITH all the hue and cry about horses being pulled or not, the practice is an exception rather than the rule, and we do not believe there is one horse pulled in a hundred races run. A man who intends pulling a horse in a race can do so in the stable without detection, and need not trust jockeys to do his business for him.

MYERS, the amateur champion, and W. C. George, the famous English amateur, have been matched to run three races—one of half a mile, one of three-quarters of a mile, and another of a mile. The races will be run in this city in September. George may win the 1,000 yards, but Myers will lose him at 440 and the t. y. c. distance.

MAURICE VIGNAUX, the French billiard champion, in a private letter to a friend states that he is coming to America in October. He says that on his arrival in New York he will be ready to arrange a match with any billiard player in the world from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side. Jacob Schaeffer will be only too ready to meet the French champion.

EFFORTS are being made to arrange an international billiard match between Maurice Vignaux, the French champion, and Jacob Schaeffer, the American champion. Vignaux has signified his willingness to arrange a match to be played in France on the terms proposed by the American party. Schaeffer and his backers have decided to go to Paris to meet the French champion.

THE Boston *Herald* says: "H. A. Kirby, of Providence, will be a warm contestant for Mumford, of New Orleans, in the national regatta at Washington." Mumford, judging by the reports of his trials at New Orleans will not only beat Kirby but any amateur that faces the starter on the day of the great race. If he would concede from the amateur ranks Hanlan would find him a dangerous opponent.

AT Radcliffe Grounds, recently, J. Coyle, alias "Gall," of Farnworth, and B. Wood, of Oldham, met to wrestle the best of three back-falls at catch-weight, for £50. Both men are noted wrestlers and not long ago it was thought that "Gall" was the coming man at his weight, but for the present engagement odds of 25 to 20 were laid on Wood. The struggle for the victory was a most protracted one, but as neither man could gain a fall they agreed to draw when 1h. 32m. had expired.

PENDRAGON still suffers from "anti-Myerism." He says: "I don't recollect having met any doubt upon Myer's half-mile time, but I may as well say here that after my own practical experience on June 25th, and after the evidence which is patent to any man of sense and experience, I feel sure that there was a collusion somewhere. Myers may have run half a mile in 1 min. 36 sec., but he certainly did not run a quarter in 48 3/5 sec."

THE following explains itself:
ASHLAND, PA., Aug. 15, 1881.

"To the Sporting Editor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*:
"I, the undersigned, challenge any club-footed man in the State of Pennsylvania to run a go-as-you-please race, distance 10 miles, for a purse of \$100 or upwards. A forfeit of \$25 will be sent as soon as challenge is accepted. Challenge open between Aug. 1 and Oct. 1. For further information address
JACK EVANS, or
"Wm. B. Cleaver, his backer,
'Ashland, Schuylkill Co., Pa.'"

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the heavy-weight pugilist, is creating quite a sensation through the West by his wonderful pugilistic abilities. In every city he gives an exhibition and offers any pugilist \$50 or \$100 that will box him four rounds, Queensbury Rules. Sullivan is never in want of a customer, for there is any number of ambitious heavy-weights who think they can face the Boston pugilist four rounds and win the prize. No pugilist, so far, however, has won the prize or even succeeded in facing Sullivan for over two rounds. The young Sampson generally ends the contest at the first blow, so powerful and terrific are his blows.

CHECKMATE may be regarded as a promising candidate for the great Long Island Stakes, to be run at Coney Island Course. It is our impression that the horse that beats him will win. The race will be the most interesting contest at four-mile heats ever run on this continent. It may not be going too far to anticipate that Ferida, Glenmore, Checkmate, Bushwhacker, Irish King and George McCullough will be among the candidates, and it is freely asserted by Checkmate's supporters that he can run the distance in 7:20. His conquest, with 119 pounds, for the Summer Handicap, in 2:35 3/4, shows that he is a horse of a rare turn of speed, and his race for the cup proves that he can stay.

PENDRAGON, in regard to L. E. Myers running 100 yards in England, says: "I am fairly within the mark when I say that 10 2/5 sec. is as good as the winner timed right through; and yet we find 'an amateur, a gentleman, and a gentleman amateur,' who can do 10 sec. whenever necessary, getting no better than fourth in a heat which did not produce the winner of the final! If Myers, instead of being a gentleman-amateur pedestrian, had been a gentleman jockey, and had shown such an unexpected reversal of well-known form, he would have run imminent risk of being warned off all courses under Jockey Club supervision. What the Jockey Club is we all know; what, then, must be the Amateur Athletic Association?"

ONE of the great turf events to be run at the Coney Island Jockey Club in the September meeting is the Great Long Island stakes for all ages of \$250 each for starters, with \$5,000 added: \$3,500 to the first, \$1,000 to the second, and \$500 to the third. Added to the stakes is the Woodlawn Vase, presented to the Coney Island Jockey Club by the Messrs. Dwyer Bros., of Brooklyn, N. Y., to become the property of the subscriber winning the above race for two years in succession. Horses entered by March 1, 1881, to pay \$50 forfeit; by June 1, 1881, \$100 forfeit; by September 1, 1881, when the entries shall close, \$150 forfeit; five-year olds and aged to carry 114 pounds; four-year olds 108 pounds; three-year olds 95 pounds, sex allowance; four-mile heats.

ALTHOUGH there have been numerous wrestling matches during the past year between the rival experts, it is a hard matter to decide who is the champion light-weight collar-and-elbow wrestler. Is it Taylor, of Fisheville, N. H.; John Bolax, of Vt.; A. Butler, of St. Louis, Mo.; Frank B. Maguire, of Hudson, Mass.; Mike Donahoe, of New York; Dell Lovejoy, Br'g Rapids, Mich.; H. W. Soules, of Fairfield, Vt.; or Nat E. Hutchings, of Marlboro, Mass.? All these wrestlers style themselves champions. Now, would it not be a capital speculation to hold a wrestling tournament, open to any man living, at 140lbs., give a valuable belt and large cash prizes to the winners, and then the championship question would be settled. The scheme under responsible management would be a financial success.

THE amateur 50-mile bicycle race for the championship of Great Britain was decided recently at Surbiton, Eng. Six started, viz.: G. H. Hillier, Stanley B. C.; C. C. C. Sutton B. C.; J. F. Griffith, Surrey B. C.; C. D. Vesey, Surrey B. C.; A. J. Crichton, Cambridge University B. C.; and C. Cousins, unattached. Hillier won the match, covering the 50 miles in 2h. 51m. All the records were beaten from the 25th mile. Crute came in second, Griffith third and Vesey fourth. Crute's time for the whole distance was 2h. 50m. 54 3/5s., and Griffith completed his 50 miles in 2h. 50m. 58 4/5s. Vesey's time for the whole distance was 2h. 51m. 58 2/5s. Hillier, Griffith and Crute beat all previous performances, amateur or professional, and Vesey also beat the best previous amateur record, 2h. 54m. 35s., by 4m. 36 3/5s.

WM. E. BROWN, the Hercules of the Boston police force, recently challenged Wm. Muldoon of this city to wrestle one hour Græco-Roman style and one hour collar-and-elbow for \$100. The champion Græco-Roman wrestler agreed to wrestle Brown either for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. The modern Sampson writes as follows to the *POLICE GAZETTE*: "I learn that Mr. Muldoon has recently resigned his membership in the New York police department. My desire, as a member of the Boston police force, being primarily to meet a member of the New York force in friendly competition, if Mr. Muldoon will not accept my challenge I will leave it open to any member of the police department of New York city, the match to be wrestled any time during the first two weeks of September, challenge to remain open 10 days from date."

SPORTING men are looking forward with

eager interest to see Wallace Ross and Edward Hanlan sign articles to row for \$2,000 a side and the single-scutt championship of America. Many persons believe that Ross can beat Hanlan, basing their opinions on the fact that he has improved wonderfully since he returned from England. If the match is ratified and Hanlan and his backers put up the stakes, the race will be the great aquatic event of the season. It will not matter upon what lake or river the race is rowed, large numbers of sporting men will journey to witness the struggle. Hanlan will start a heavy favorite, and prove at the finish that he is the invincible oarsman he proved himself by leading all the champions of the two hemispheres. Hanlan is ready to arrange the match as soon as Wallace Ross or his backers put up \$500 forfeit, and name a place of meeting to sign articles.

THERE is another candidate for the pigeon-shooting championship of America, as will be seen by the following:

"REONA, VA., Aug. 13, 1881.

"To the Sporting Editor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*:
"Sir—Having tried in vain to effect a match with Captain Bogardus upon even terms, I now offer to shoot that gentleman a match at 50 pigeons, English rules, use of ten bore guns, he to stand at 25 yards' rise to my 30 yards' rise. The match to be shot for the same stake for which Captain Bogardus and myself shot at St. Louis. I have notified Captain Bogardus twice of my previous challenge but he has not replied and I take this means of getting a match with him, as I am determined to make him shoot or give up the title of champion pigeon shot of the world. If he will not accept, the above proposition I would like him to name some proposition that would suit him and be accepted. Should Captain Bogardus fail to accept my proposition within one month from its issue I claim that I have a right to the title of champion pigeon shot of the world and will be ready to defend it against all comers."

WM. BROWN'S, of the Boston police force, challenge to wrestle any member of the New York police force, for a \$200 gold medal and the wrestling championship, has been accepted. James Quigley called at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office recently and left \$100 and the following challenge:

"NEW YORK, Aug. 14, 1881.

"To the Sporting Editor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*:
"DEAR SIR:—Seeing that Wm. Brown, of the Boston police force, has thrown down the gauntlet to wrestle any member of the New York police force, I take the responsibility of accepting the challenge on behalf of the New York police department. I will meet Wm. Brown according to the terms proposed in his challenge, for a medal valued at \$200, and wrestle either in New York or Boston. I have deposited \$100, which amount is my share of the trophy, with the *POLICE GAZETTE*, to prove I mean business. As soon as Mr. Brown covers my deposit the medal can be made and deposited with the *POLICE GAZETTE* and the proprietor of that journal may, as far as I am concerned, appoint a referee. I shall be ready to sign articles at any time Mr. Brown or his representative sends on or visits this city. The conditions of the contest one hour Græco-Roman and one hour collar-and-elbow, the winner of most falls to be declared champion. The medal not to be given up until a written decision is received from the referee."

"NEW YORK Police Force."

It will be seen by the following that fraud is not confined to the turf, but that pedestrians also are tainted and have a mania for fixed races. We clip the following from the *Call*, San Francisco: "Archie McComb, sprint runner, recently came to grief in Denver, Col., where, with the assistance of Thompson, he had won a great deal of money. He ascertained Thompson had swindled him out of \$1,900 in two matches and resolved to cry quits by throwing the next race. A match was made with Quirk, who was running under an assumed name, and Thompson, believing that the race was fixed for McComb to win, induced all his intimate friends to bet their money on the Californian. McComb had in the meantime told Jim Moon, a noted San Francisco sport, that he intended to 'throw' Thompson, and Moon bet all the money he could raise on Quirk. The result of the race was that the Quirk party carried off about \$6,000 from Denver and Jim Moon pocketed about as much more. Thompson and his confidants lost heavily and knowing that McComb had run to lose resolved on vengeance. McComb, having reason to believe that his life was in danger, went to Moon and asked him to divide the winnings, so that he could leave Denver and go East. To his astonishment and dismay Moon coolly refused to divide one cent and turned him out of his house. McComb had barely got into the street when Thompson's friends shot at him and he had to run for his life. His pedestrian abilities stood him in good stead and he escaped without injury. By running and walking all night he managed to reach a point of safety and boarded an east-bound train and never stopped until he reached Illinois. He states that the day after his hasty departure from Denver Moon was shot by the victimized gang and died almost instantly."

IF H. M. DUFUR of Marlboro, Mass., and J. H. McLaughlin of Detroit, will only back up their challenges with a \$100 forfeit there will be every prospect of a great bona fide match being arranged for the collar-and-elbow championship of America and a stake of \$250 to \$500 or \$1,000 a side. John McMahon, of Rutland, Vt., called at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office and posted \$100 forfeit to arrange a match with any man in the world—Dufur and McLaughlin, the giants of the arena, being preferred. McMahon informs us that all he wants is a fair and honest referee and a square match. He says if McLaughlin or Dufur can defeat him on their merits and without the assistance of a referee then he will try again. He says there can only be one champion and he claims to hold that title. The following is the Vermont-er's *def*, which is backed up with \$100 in Uncle Sam's treasury notes which we hold:

"NEW YORK, August 11, 1881.

"To the Sporting Editor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*: Sir—I hereby challenge any man in the world to wrestle me best two in three fair back falls, according to the new revised *POLICE GAZETTE* rules of collar-and-elbow wrestling for \$250 to \$1,000 a side, H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., and Col. J. H. McLaughlin of Detroit preferred. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder, and in order that the match shall be a bona fide affair I will agree that the proprietor of the *POLICE GAZETTE* shall select the referee. I will wrestle the match either public or private within sixty days at any town, city or place agreed upon. I have posted one hundred dollars (\$100) forfeit with Richard K. Fox to prove that I mean business, and I hope that the champions will cover and name a day to meet at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office to sign articles."

Yours, JOHN MCMAHON."

McMahon means business, and Dufur, whom we consider the leading wrestler in America, should at once forward \$100 to this office and clinch a match with McMahon. Dufur claims to be champion and if he refuses McMahon's *def* the public will believe he is afraid to meet McMahon, as the latter's challenge is backed up with \$100.

ax New York News Company and National News Comp
of New York, or any of their branches throughout
country.



BEAUTY IN MID-AIR.